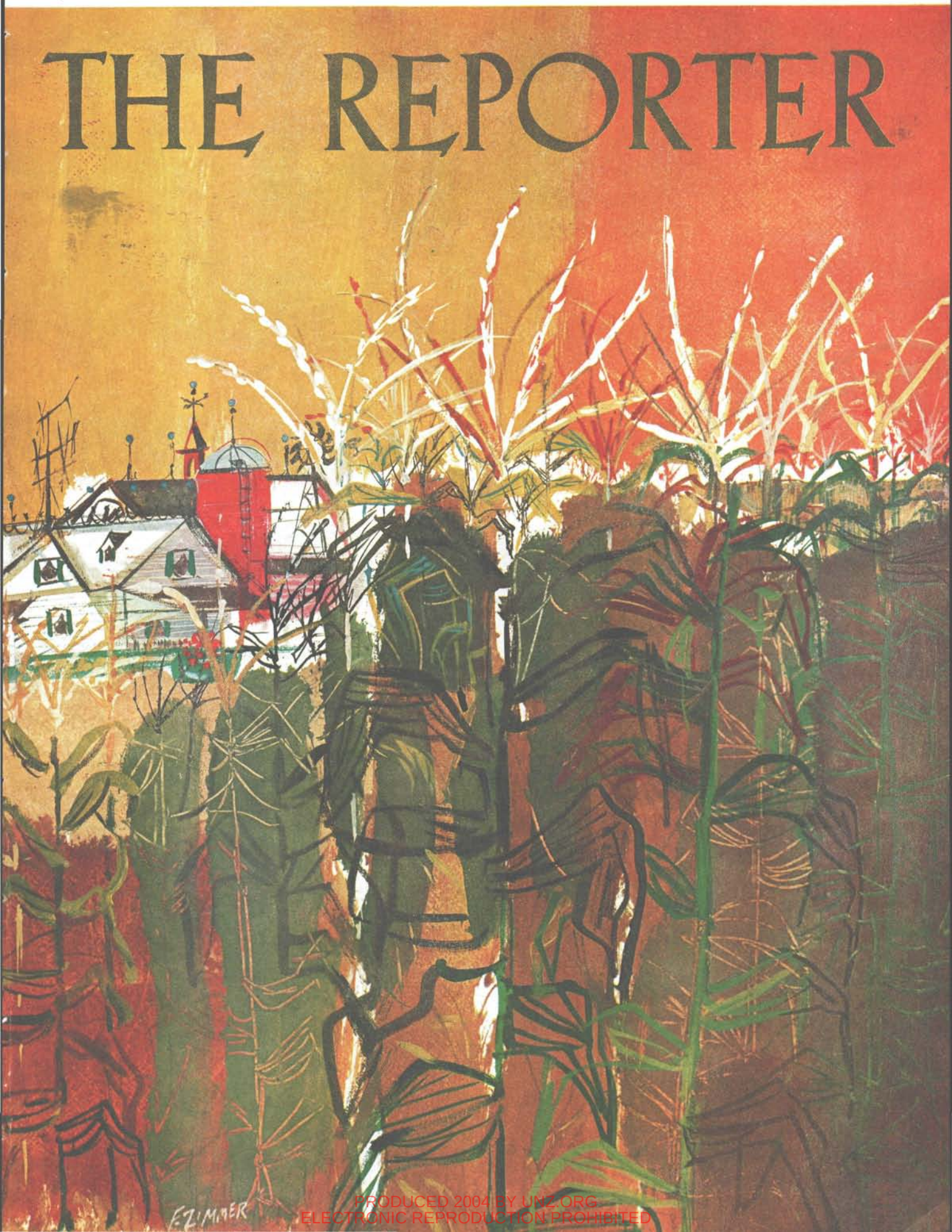
TOO MUCH FOOD IN A STARVING WORLD

DC September 17, 1959 25¢

Facts and Fictions of U.S. Capitalism (page 43)

THE REPORTER



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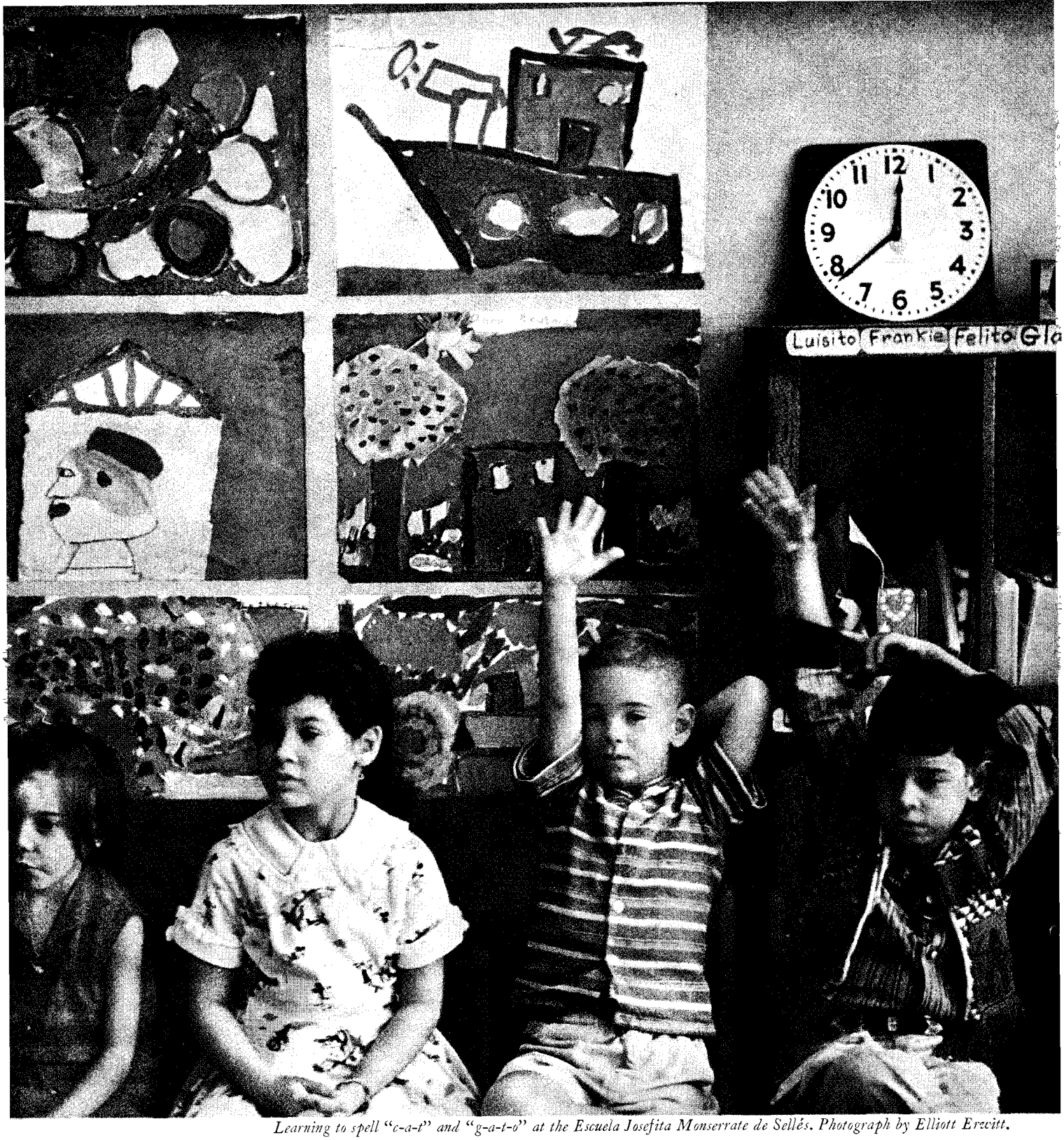

Learning to spell "c-a-t" and "g-a-t-o" at the Escuela Josefita Monserrate de Sellés. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

It's easy to make amigos—in Puerto Rico

THIS is a first-grade classroom in Puerto Rico. Take a look at those cheerful paintings. Our pocket Picassos always paint blue skies because they seldom see a gray one.

Let's sketch in some details of the Puerto Rican scene. Your children can swim in the ocean fifty-two weeks a year. There's no poison ivy or hay fever. Drinking water is pure as the breeze. Everything is fresh—including the air, the fruit, and the way people do things.

Private schools, for example, are refreshingly unsnobbish. In the *escuelita* where our photograph was taken, there is room for thirty-five pupils in the pre-kindergarten—and the school says "yes" to the first thirty-five who apply. No screening. No segregation.

Notice the names on the cupboards. Luisito and Frankie. Felito and Gladys. The children of U. S. executives are quick to make new *amigos*.

And after a month or so of picnic weather, don't be surprised to hear one of *your* children say, "Me siento contento de vivir aqui!" It means, "I'm glad I live here!"

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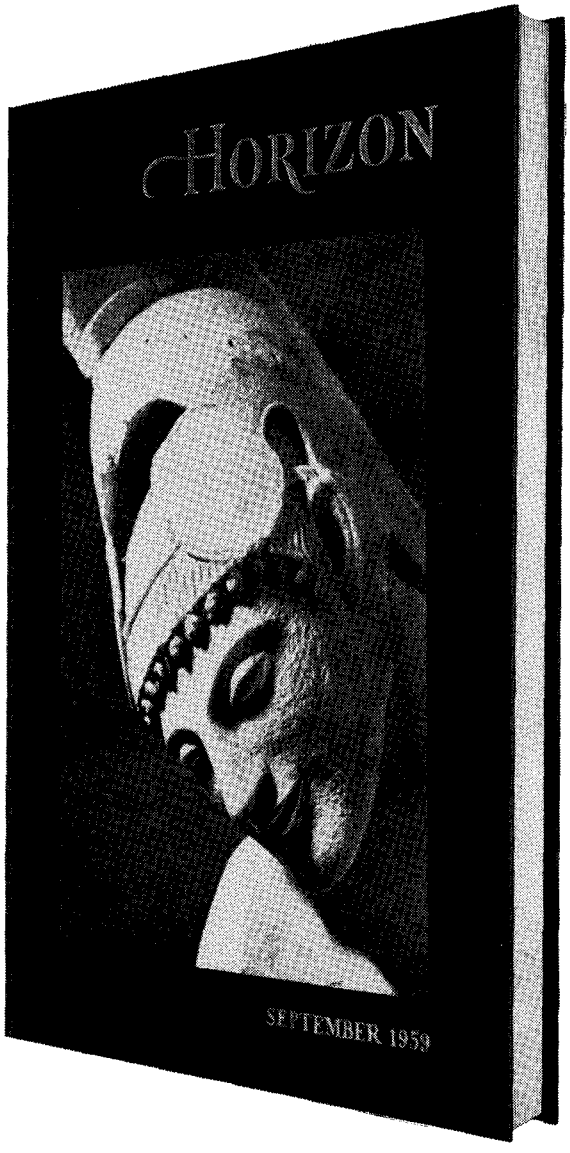
The first public offering in eight months of a magazine intended to be the most beautiful in the world:

HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts



One year ago the publishers of AMERICAN HERITAGE issued the first copy of a new kind of magazine.

Its reason-for-being was to provide a periodical uniting art and ideas, the sum of which is culture, in a format no one had yet ventured.

What happened? To begin, more than 175,000 people subscribed. Next, the nation's press had much to say in praise of the new magazine, e.g.: "Exceptionally handsome"—New York *Times;* "Tasteful and opulent"—*Saturday Review* Syndicate; "Packed with extraordinary riches"—St. Louis *Globe Democrat.*

The initial demand for HORIZON far exceeded expectations. And no additional subscriptions have been invited since the turn of the year.

What does it look like? HORIZON is a big (9¼" x 12¼", 132 or more pages) bi-monthly magazine in book form—with hard covers, made to last. Its contents are permanent in value and interest. Every issue is rich with pictures, more than one-third in full color.

HORIZON is printed here and abroad by three methods on three textures of paper. No advertisements intrude. It is probably the most beautiful magazine in the world.

What's in it? HORIZON seeks to serve as guide to the long cultural adventure of modern man; to explore the many mansions of the philosopher, the painter, the historian, the architect, the sculptor, the satirist, the poet; to create a "museum without walls" for man's finest achievements in all the visual arts; to build many bridges between the worlds of scholars and the minds of intelligent readers.

To this end, a score of articles in each issue range the world and the centuries. Pictures light almost every page; jeweled reliquaries, mosaics, buildings, sculpture, miniatures, maps, lively art from cave drawings to movie palaces.

What does it cost? Each case-bound issue of HORIZON is comparable to a limited-edition book costing $10 to $15, or more. But the price is $3.95 per copy, and the annual subscription rate (6 issues) is $18.

But if you mail the coupon printed here, you'll receive the current issue before you pay anything. Then, after you have seen it, send just $1.70, followed by three monthly payments of $5.00. The total: $16.70, seven dollars less than the cost of six copies bought singly. It's a good buy; and you won't see it often. Use the coupon now.

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Please send me the September 1959 issue of HORIZON as the first of six copies in a one-year subscription. After I have seen it, I'll send just $1.70, then $5.00 a month for three months. (This $16.70 rate is $7 less than the price of the same six issues if bought singly.) I understand that my subscription may be stopped at any time at my request, and the unused portion will be refunded.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Hoffa Bill

"Once begin the dance of legislation," Woodrow Wilson wrote, "and you must struggle through its mazes as best you can to its breathless end." This is an apt description of the way Congress passed the labor-reform bill in a marathon effort during its closing days.

As with most climaxes of the legislative process, even the members of Congress most familiar with the formidable bill could scarcely pass any sober judgment on its probable effectiveness in curing the ills of labor. For three years, Congressional investigations have relentlessly searched for dirty linen in every corner of the house, or rather of the houses, of labor. Sometimes it happens—though by no means always—that Congressional investigations lead to remedial legislation. In this case, the demand became irrepressible, or was made to seem irrepressible. There *had* to be a labor-reform bill. Indeed, the bill had to cover not only the abuses that had been spotlighted during the Congressional hearings but an assortment of practices which organized labor had adopted in its own defense but which were unpalatable to a number of organized interests.

When the final votes were cast, the near-unanimity expressed an irresistible feeling of relief. Of course, the congressmen wanted to go home, but, above all, they wanted to get through with the job. In the Senate ninety-five voices said "aye." The "ayes" came from men as different in their attitude toward labor as Barry Goldwater, who has not many friends among labor officials, and Pat McNamara, who was once a labor leader and has never lost his faith.

One man in particular can congratulate himself: Senator Kennedy, who accomplished the major feat of seeing the bill through with his Presidential chances presumably unharmed. The troubles he may have, it is said, may come from some Catholic politicians rather than from organized labor which, in a spirit of Christian charity, has absolved him of blame for a measure that, some said, "makes Taft-Hartley worse." Kennedy, on the other hand, refused to lend his name to the bill, thereby making the legitimacy of its origin rather questionable.

As to the bill itself, we must confess that we have tried to read it, and can hereby report that it is tough going. Probably this comes from the fact that whatever our understanding of law may be, we are not lawyers, and our intelligence of a new bill is not sharpened by any prospect of increased earnings. That formidable piece of legislation leaves us somewhat confused, and with quite a few worries.

A bill of rights for labor, for instance, may be a very praiseworthy statement of principles. The same might be said of the U.N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which grants so many privileges to human beings that we never could quite understand why the possession of a convertible Chevrolet was left out.

Human rights do not depend only on the protection that is given them by the courts. To a greater degree we think they depend on the use the individual makes of them. They must be acted upon, otherwise they are nothing but more or less hallowed words. Labor democracy can become a reality in proportion to the time and effort that laborers will invest in the protection of their rights. Perhaps our congressmen have forgotten that once upon a time primaries, referendum, and recall were considered to be the surest remedy for the ills of political democracy.

The labor bill could be called—particularly since Senator Kennedy has refused to give it his name—the Hoffa Bill. "Will it get Jimmy Hoffa?" is the big question. But few knowledgeable people think it will, and least of all the sophisticated Mr. Hoffa, who has already marshaled his small army of lawyers to discover the loopholes. Indeed, it is conceivable that Hoffa may use the bill to persuade a number of unions that, if they have any sense, they should throw in their lot with him. No need

WATER BABY

"Two leading scientists said today that life might have begun ashore, rather than at sea, as has been supposed."—New York Times.

No, gentlemen, you can't do that to me—
I who remember crawling from the sea
And growing limbs and lungs so that in time
I could arise from the primordial slime!
You say I must renounce my ancient mother,
I who embrace the porpoise as my brother
And find in every blue and briny motion
The healing fluid of my source, the ocean.
Ah no. My every dream is born at sea,
I'll not accept this new maternity,
Standing, I fear, irrevocably pat
With those who thundered that the world was flat!

—SEC

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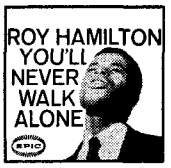
1. Also: No Love, Warm and Tender, I Look at You, etc.

3. Thou Swell, My Romance, Spring is Here, 14 more

5. Sweet Violets, You Are My Sunshine, 14 more



20. Ebb Tide, Unchained Melody, I Believe, 9 more

39. Handel's "Hallelujah", Sibelius' "Finlandia", etc.

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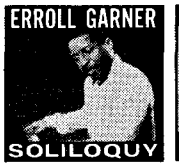

9. If I Had You, I Surrender Dear, No More Time, etc.

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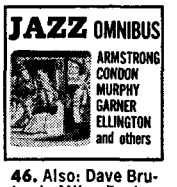
66. Most popular of Tchaikovsky's lovely symphonies

32. Also: Garden of Love, Your Kiss, No Other Love, etc.

19. Pianistic fireworks abound in these two scores

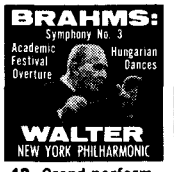


46. Also: Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, J.J. Johnson, etc.

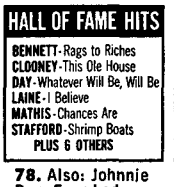
14. I Could Have Danced All Night, Rain in Spain, etc.

34. Spirited performances of two gay symphonies

30. Rain, Nevada, Peace Pipe, Love of Mine, 8 more

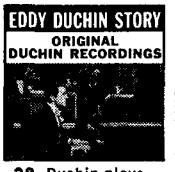


42. Grand performances by Brahms' finest interpreter

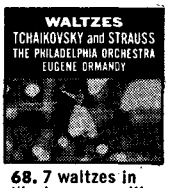


78. Also: Johnnie Ray, Four Lads, Guy Mitchell, etc.

10. Francescatti's interpretations of 12 musical gems



28. Duchin plays Man I Love, April Showers, 13 more



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FLOWER DRUM SONG

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have done more to enrich the theatre world (and American record collections) than any other words-and-music men you can name. Their latest collaboration, "Flower Drum Song" is currently exhibit 'A' on the Great White Way. While you're waiting for your tickets, we'd like to suggest listening to Columbia's original cast recording of the show. It just about presents you with a front row seat at the St. James Theatre. It has every one of the show's wonderful songs. Even if you don't get to see Miyoshi Umeki's bewitching smile, Ed Kenney's dazzling charm, you'll hear plenty of their beguiling voices. And you could almost run your phonograph on the electricity generated by Pat Suzuki. As demonstrated by this recording, "Flower Drum Song" is sensational theatre—on Broadway—or in your living room.

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for them to bother about the troublesome provisions for reporting, financial accountability, and the rest. Let Jimmy Hoffa supply you with the accountants, bookkeepers, and sharp court-room lawyers to keep you out of trouble.

To the President, we must add, goes a considerable part of the enactment of this bill. It is, as he wanted, a hard bill that reflects a hardened attitude toward labor in large sections of management and public opinion. It may result in frequent recourse to violence on the part of labor during bitter conflicts with management. But unquestionably, the President has exhibited vigorous leadership in his repeated intervention, aimed at a strong labor bill. Too bad he has not exhibited the same leadership in trying to bring the steel strike to a close.

Motes and Beams

It is difficult to resist the temptation of saying "I told you so" to a man who is as generous with moral advice to sinful mankind as Mr. Nehru. But it would surely be even more difficult for the apostle of neutrality to admit that humility is not always the best policy—at least with the Chinese Communists. We are told that the Indian prime minister has a disconcerting habit of dominating a difficult interview or debate by abruptly refusing to say a word and staring out the window for half an hour or so. A slightly sterner and less passive technique may prove to be imperative in dealing with the Chinese Communists.

We can sympathize with the need even a strong and great man like Nehru may feel in times of crisis to have an old friend at his side. That must explain his loyalty to Defense Minister V.K. Krishna Menon, whose unique gift for being unpleasant to the largest possible number of people is universally known. Fortunately, the Indian chief of staff, General Thimayya, has apparently agreed to swallow both Nehru's insults and his own indignation against the policies of Krishna Menon; the good soldier has discipline in his stout heart and will see to it that the army is ready to fight if the men of peace should fail.

Mr. Nehru is a true believer in peace. But why, if he has any confidence in the United Nations, must he send Krishna Menon to be India's representative there? There are not many people in that august body endowed with the soldierly forbearance of General Thimayya.

These Things Were Said

¶ A spokesman for the Monmouth County [N.J.] Democratic Committee, sponsor of the affair, said its purpose is "to give Gov. Meyner his first boost as a favorite-son candidate in the 1960 convention." To insure that the backing of Gov. Meyner will be by democratic process, the spokesman said, a voting machine will be set up on the picnic grounds so that all ticket purchasers may vote for the man of their choice. Gov. Meyner's name will be the only one listed on the voting machine and there will be no provisions for any write-in choice.—*Report in the New York Herald Tribune.*

¶ I was strangely upset by the possibility that Khrushchev would order the liquidation of any enemy who, in 1960, might become President of the Soviet Union's only equal rival in the world. Khrushchev had, in a word, the veto of this fateful development in history. By dumping Nixon in a crash on the Moscow strip or in any of the landings on his trip to old St. Petersburg and Siberia, he could throw the Presidency to the Democratic Party again or, in any case, to some individual who would be as weak and fawning and treacherous as Roosevelt and Hopkins or as stupid as Henry Wallace. There was no doubt of Khrushchev's power and opportunity now that Nixon and his brave wife were on the wing and committed before the world. Would Khrushchev knock Nixon down and deny all? . . . if Khrushchev did not kill Nixon, the prize in prestige and in the advantage for the United States and civilization would be incalculable . . . Why the Russians did not dump him I can't guess.—*Westbrook Pegler.*

¶ A special Cabinet committee headed by Vice-President Nixon today publicly shifted its emphasis from fighting inflation to promoting economic growth. The committee, which has been known as an anti-inflation group, issued a 1,600-word

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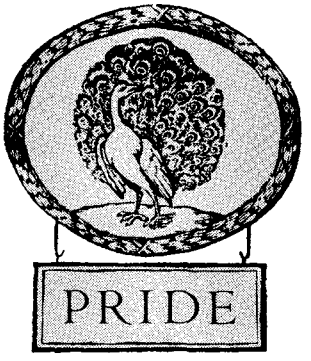
REFLECTIONS ON THE DISCOURAGING STATE OF LUNCH-TIME DRINKING



[VOL. II № IX]

We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have always found lunch-time drinking a civilized and enriching custom; though not as enriching as we would like it to be nor as it *could* be if there were but more "labourers in the vineyard." Yes, many hands make light work and if only more stockbrokers, vice-presidents, bankers and others who must meet the public would join the ranks of Irish Whiskey Nooners, how fine! The dear sales curve would go into orbit. Oh, they drink at lunch *now*, they assuredly do, but seek to conceal it from the Other Fellow, the one they go to visit after. Possibly they chew Sen-Sen. This is wrong thinking, of course, for the burnished emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey gives one a lovely breath and one to be proud of. And for heaven's sake don't worry about the Other Fellow! He is a drinker too [we know it for a fact] and will feel nothing but admiration for your burnished forthrightness and emphatic good taste. Perhaps it might be well if you as an Irish Whiskey pioneer in the stock and bond [or whatever] field were to express your new-found pride with, of all things, a Pride Badge. Send the coupon along and we shall dispatch one for you and one for the Other Fellow. Then ask him to lunch and the two of you toast the end of breathlessness in magnificent Irish Whiskey!

[FORTHRIGHTNESS COUPON]

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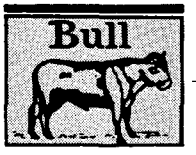
I am tired of furtiveness and candy mints and wish to enter the proud company of those who enjoy Irish Whiskey at lunch. Please send two Pride Badges, one for me and one for the Other Fellow. You are likely right about his taking a drink; we shall soon find out.



_____I am a bull

_____I am a bear

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

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statement which didn't even use the word "inflation." A committee member said the document, entitled "What Do We Really Want From Our Economy?," reflected optimism by the group that prices will be kept within reasonable bounds in months ahead . . . the committeeman denied that the Nixon task force has scrapped the word "inflation." He told a reporter the new statement substitutes the phrase "rises in the general price level" because, he said many people don't know what "inflation" means.—*Report in the Herald Tribune.*

¶ You are the first parent who has ever asked us how to explain war to her child. . . . In telling about war as in telling about sex, or any other large, pervasive topic, you don't tell it all at once, or once and for all. . . . Thus, if you are a family which lives in fear of war, no matter how reassuring you try to be verbally, your daughter will probably get a fearful picture of the whole thing. If you are among those who live, if not happily at least adaptively with the notion of possible atomic warfare, she may be less anxious.—*Child Behavior column in the New York World Telegram and Sun.*

¶ Pontiac, capping its 1959 record year, Thursday made a frank bid to firmly establish the car as a symbol of prestige. S.E. Knudsen, Pontiac general manager, and a vice president of General Motors Corp., told newsmen at the 1960 Pontiac press preview that sales and marketing strategies in 1960 will be geared to "harness people's natural urge to upgrade themselves." "At Pontiac we concluded that with the general rise in economic well-being, the American family will be giving more and more thought to the problem of surrounding itself with symbols that will adequately reinforce the status image they wish to project," Knudsen said. . . . "The public—that wonderful mass of sometimes whimsical purchasing power—will see a car in 1960 that has striking eye appeal—with a V design front end that hints of a classic design."—*Report in the Chicago Sun Times.*

¶ 5:30—WISDOM
This local feature will help fill time until network baseball telecast ends. —*TV section, Washington Post and Times Herald*

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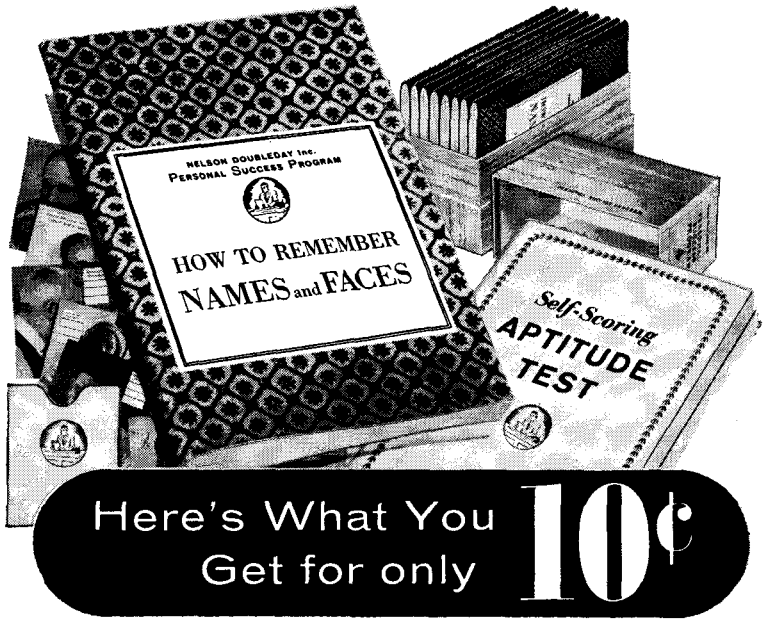

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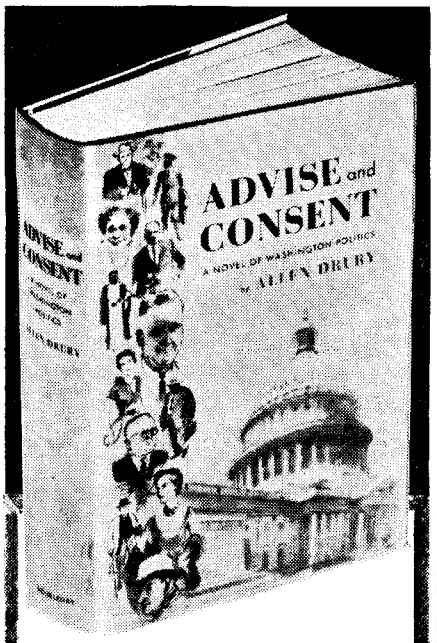

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THE NEGRO WORKER

To the Editors: Paul Jacobs's article, "The Negro Worker Asserts His Rights," in the July 23 issue of *The Reporter* is important because it effectively calls attention to the continuing discriminatory racial practices of many unions affiliated to the AFL-CIO . . . Charles S. Zimmerman, chairman of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee is quoted as saying that "some of Hill's charges were discovered to be distorted upon investigation." Not a single complaint submitted by the N.A.A.C.P. to the national AFL-CIO has been disproved. These complaints were accompanied by notarized affidavits and other documentation. Therefore, Zimmerman's statement can only be regarded as a further attempt to obscure the truth and to maintain a public-relations image that has little or no relationship to reality.

HERBERT HILL, Labor Secretary
National Association
For the Advancement of
Colored People
New York

To the Editors: . . . I live in hope that *The Reporter* will someday find that somewhere there is something the labor movement does that is commendable.

CORDON H. COLE, Editor
The Machinist
International Association
of Machinists
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I have read ["The Negro Worker Asserts His Rights"] and I think it is well done. Of course, Paul Jacobs always does a good job on anything he writes about.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, International President
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters
New York

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT J.D.?

To the Editors: Those of us concerned with the perennial problem of juvenile deliquency were extremely interested in the article by Virginia P. Held (*The Reporter*, August 20). She has summarized the problems of "The Formless Years" in a most effective and challenging way.

J. ALEX. EDMISON,
Member, National Parole Board
Ottawa

To the Editors: I am a young man, now twenty, who at the age of thirteen committed society's gravest crime—murder. My interest in today's delinquency problem is in natural accord with my acceptance and appreciation of my responsibilities to the society in which I live. The following ideas are based on my experience, my observation, and a conglomeration of accepted theory. I write from the precept that the juvenile "delinquent" must be emotionally unstable.

The tremendous appeal of magazine and newspaper sensationalism is a weakness in human nature. Moreover, I believe that aside from contact with older friends it is primarily sensationalism that makes a child aware of his status in society. Through these means, sub-teen children soon learn that being a minor in the eyes of the law has put them in control of an incredible "power." This "power" of "excuse and toleration of J. D." is supplied by the bulk of the present adult society. When the full realization of this "power" reaches an unstable child it is like seating him in the driver's seat of a huge red fire engine whose bell and siren are aching to sound. Unfortunately, an unstable child would start a fire of his own if there was not already one to go to.

I feel that children consider childhood their "first life" and their future life as an adult a distinctly separate "second life" which is not influenced by their "first life." For this reason it is hard for children to accept that the ill effects of "J.D." won't disappear with the ending of their childhood.

Many unstable children believe that through "J.D." they can better their position in life. An act of "J.D." is excitement, and even in the event that he is caught, the "J.D." knows that society's punishment will not be harsh. Often the "J.D." considers the punishment an extension of the excitement that the act of "J.D." provides.

Children should be properly influenced and trained at home. Since so many are not, I believe schools to be the next best place. I would like to see a daily school course in Social Responsibility (Good Citizenship) started when the children are about nine years old. This is an impressionable age when the child wants to be given direction. The course would concern itself with the child's true status in society in respect to how children as a whole create the adult society in which they will live. I don't know whether it would be important to have an impressive form such as a uniformed policeman to teach the course. However, the course would have a greater effect if not taught by the child's regular teacher. This is a course that might be taught well and with much insight by an ex-delinquent. I do not mean for the ex-delinquent to use him- or herself as an example. This rarely does the child any good.

No one has ever diagnosed "J.D." as anything but bad for society. The prescription I offer in remedy is your immediate attention to the problem.

NAME WITHHELD

To the Editors: Mrs. Held's very interesting piece on Juvenile Delinquency missed a vital point in not *beginning*

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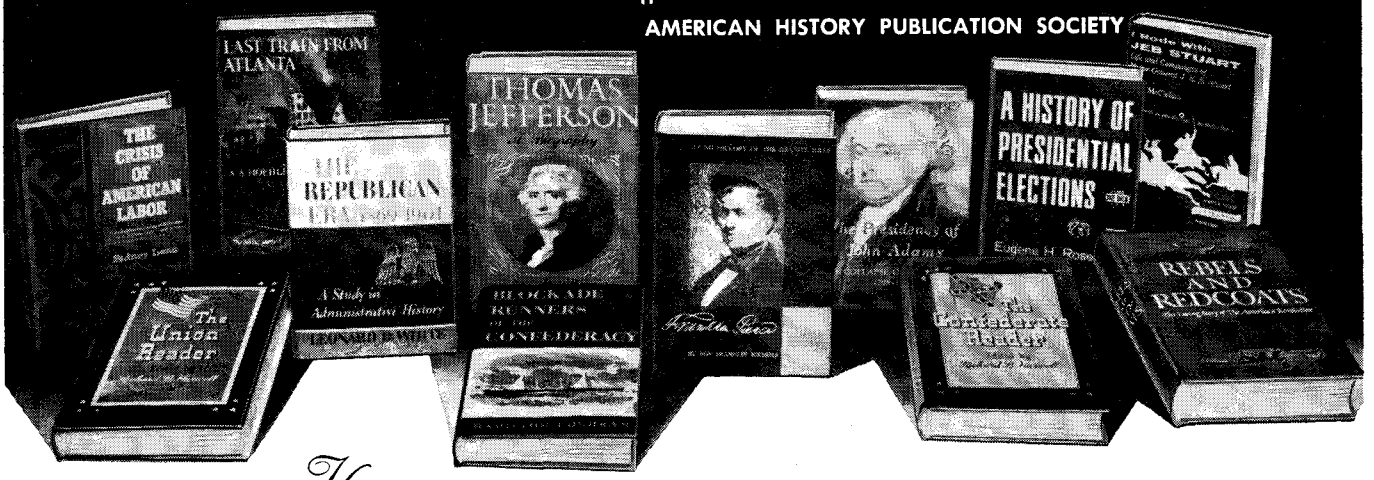
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with understanding that these are emotionally disturbed youngsters whose very behavior is symptomatic of their disturbance. . . . Most delinquent youngsters suffer from severe disturbances in their emotional development. As they do not develop a superego, they do not suffer the internal conflict of the neurotic. Most of the children placed in state institutions by the children's courts are diagnostically personality disorders—kids who act out against a world they perceive as hostile and rejecting.

It is unfair to say that the social workers gauge our success by the "veneer of middle-class respectablility." As we have little hope of effecting personality change in children so damaged by early emotional deprivation, we strive for behavioral change.

To say we are nonjudgmental should not imply that we permit these youngsters to believe that we approve their antisocial behavior. Indeed not. They are aware that we disapprove, but those we "reach" can feel that we are trying to understand their feelings, and that we care what happens to them.

It is because of the devastating effect of early and consistent rejection that it is so difficult to "do something"—something effective—about juvenile delinquency.

PHYLLIS SNYDER
New York

To the Editors: . . . When children and youth are subjected day after day, and some sometimes for hours at the time to the vivid portrayal of crime and brutality-killing, fighting and shooting, poisoning, drinking, loose sex behavior, and when they see this so often that they, without much guidance in making moral distinctions, come to think of the patterns of behavior as portrayed as the mores or normal behavior of society, it would be contrary to all the laws of learning and of the imitative instinct of the young if the patterns of television did not become the pattern of action. . . .

JONN W. SHACKFORD
Waynesville, North Carolina

To the Editors: . . . All in all, it was a well done seven-page article on delinquency, I believe, until the last sentence of the last paragraph.

It seems to me that it is always perfectly permissible to discuss the multiple approaches to any given problem, but then when one drags in a "dark horse" which purports to capsule the problem and phrases it "Our children are learning at least one lesson quite thoroughly: They know all about what society owes them. Apparently a lesson they haven't been taught, at least so far, is what they owe society"—then, I have some objections . . . This kind of a statement only furnishes fuel to the fire of the generalized attitudes expressed in "back to the woodshed," "kick them out," and the connotation

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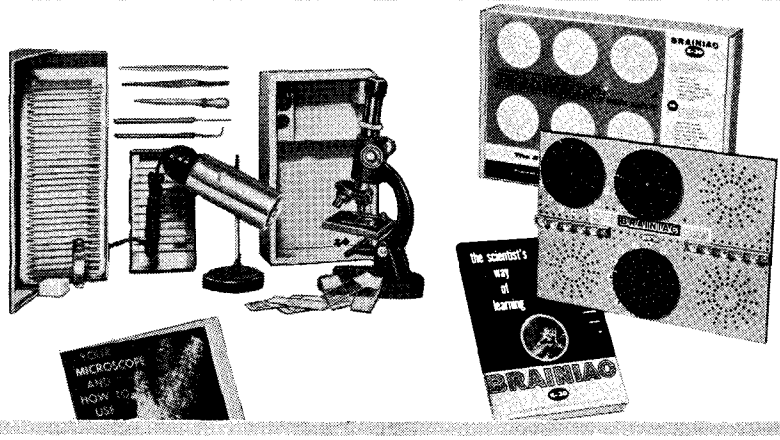

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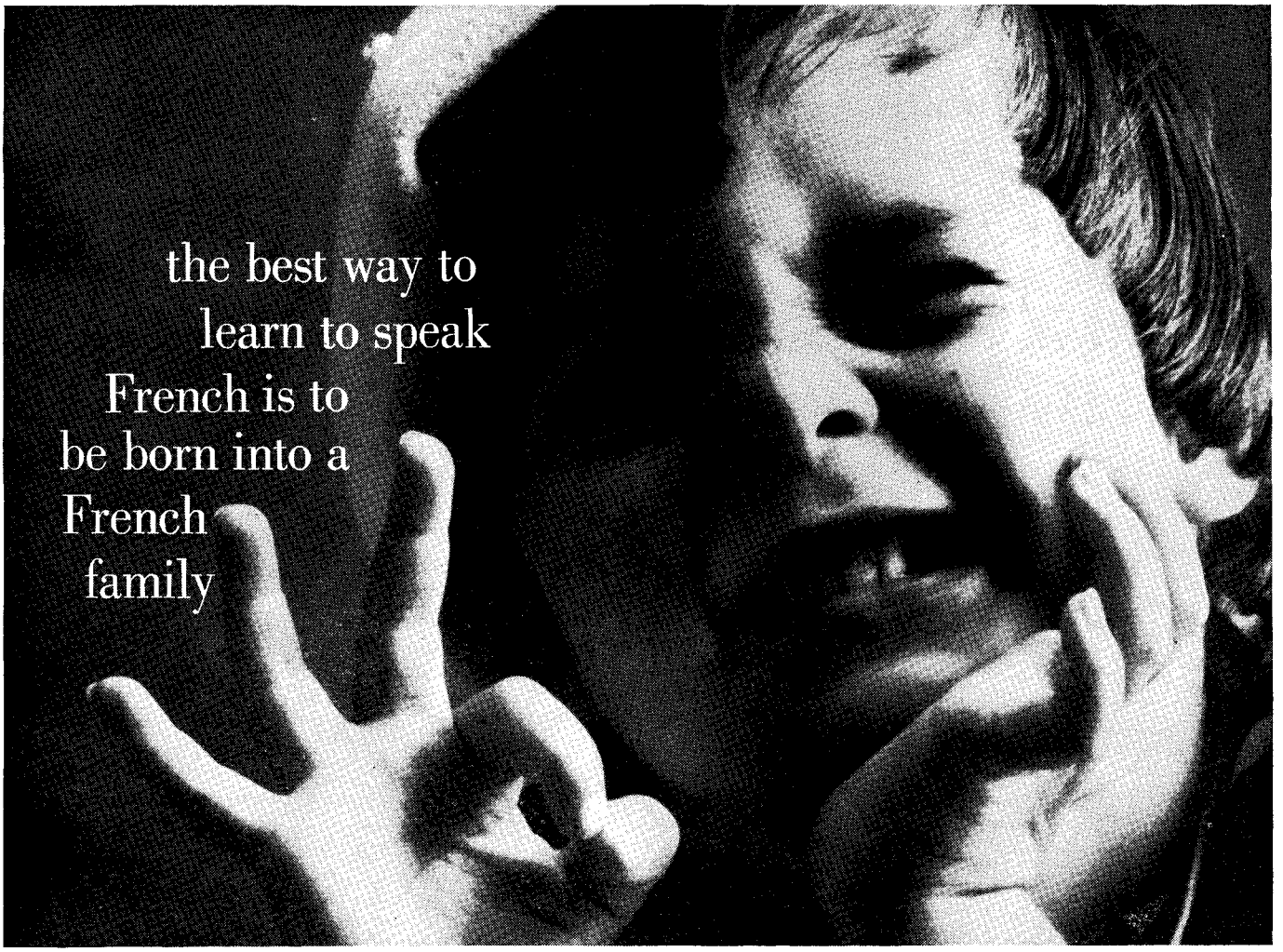

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given "teen-agers" by adults of our society. . . .

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Research Sociologist
Department of Corrections
Lansing, Michigan

To the Editors: . . . As a principal I have the opportunity to see many children, and I agree with the last paragraph wholeheartedly. It is, however, incomplete, because it leaves the impression that somebody *does* know what we owe society. I do not agree with this thesis that our adult population is certain about its responsibility to society. You can look at two articles in the same issue, "Roger Blough's Crusade" and "The Promoter's Pharmacopoeia" to realize that even in the adult world there are wide divergencies about responsibility to society.

ARNOLD DURLACHER, Principal
Bel-Air Elementary School
Pittsburg, California

To the Editors: . . . One fact that Harrison Salisbury brought out sharply in his book *The Shook-Up Generation* is that the teen-age gangs are modeled on a military pattern and embody an authoritarian code of conduct. Isn't this a significant, perhaps even pivotal observation? Does not much of the parental tolerance or bewilderment stem from the effects of the Second World War on parents? For one thing, the war had a disturbing effect on the way marriages came about and continued or were broken, with all the problems of adjustment that were involved. For another, it affected the moral values of parents, not least in their attitudes to violence—and at the same time linked patterns of violence with the ideals held up to the young, who had as their image of manhood the Commando, the O.S.S. agent, and a variety of other types of men engaged in ruthless adventures.

We all know that the climate has not changed in this respect. Our nation's biggest business is the production and maintenance of armaments. The largest share of our tax dollar goes for military uses. Daily, the press focuses on international crises, foreign wars, and the nuclear peril. Our popular culture is saturated with violence, from the crime and Wild West shows in movies and television to Mickey Spillane and the comic books. In rock-and-roll we even have a violent type of music.

With violence so pervasive and the present generation virtually born and bred in its shadow if not its reality, it does not seem too surprising that it becomes part of our young people's consciousness and further that it erupts into violent acts. . . .

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER
New York

To the Editors: I agree that our youth must assume more of their responsibilities in society. America offers its young

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ALEXANDER WILEY
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

DRUG QUACKERY

To the Editors: I have read with considerable interest Ralph Lee Smith's article "The Promoters' Pharmacopoeia" (*The Reporter*, August 20) concerning the increase in medical quackery frauds in this country and the work of the Federal Trade Commission and the Post Office Department in attempting to combat them.

Mr. Smith is to be commended for a thought-provoking article which rings a clear warning to the reader that he must be diligently on guard to protect himself and his family from the deluge of insidiously clever and latently false advertisements which come his way.

However, I should like to clarify one point Mr. Smith made. He states that "At the present time, every fraud order issued by the U.S. Post Office Department between May, 1954, and May, 1958, is under a legal cloud as a result of three Federal court decisions . . ." The fact of the matter is that the great majority of those fraud orders have long since served their purpose, for the preponderance of fraudulent schemers against whom the Post Office Department successfully fights are fly-by-night operators, who thrive upon get-rich-quick, name-changing operations. Thus, if the Post Office Department successfully hits them soon enough with a fraud order, it is impossible for them to reap their ill-gotten profits, and a year or two thereafter the fraud order is superfluous. Furthermore, I should point out that in those cases in which it was deemed in the public interest to have a continuing fraud order, appropriate steps were taken to initiate new actions. Thus, very few fraudulent schemers against whom the Post Office Department have been legally successful were permitted the subsequent victory by virtue of the court decisions to which Mr. Smith refers.

The primary difficulty which the Post Office Department has encountered in the past few years is the matter of a successful interim impounding order, to keep the fast moving promoter from completing his financial gain before the Post Office Department exhausts the administrative procedure which the Administrative Procedure Act requires. At the present time, H.R. 7379 is pending in the House of Representatives, and it is felt that this bill, if enacted, would largely cure that difficulty.

HERBERT B. WARBURTON, General Counsel
Post Office Department
Washington, D.C.

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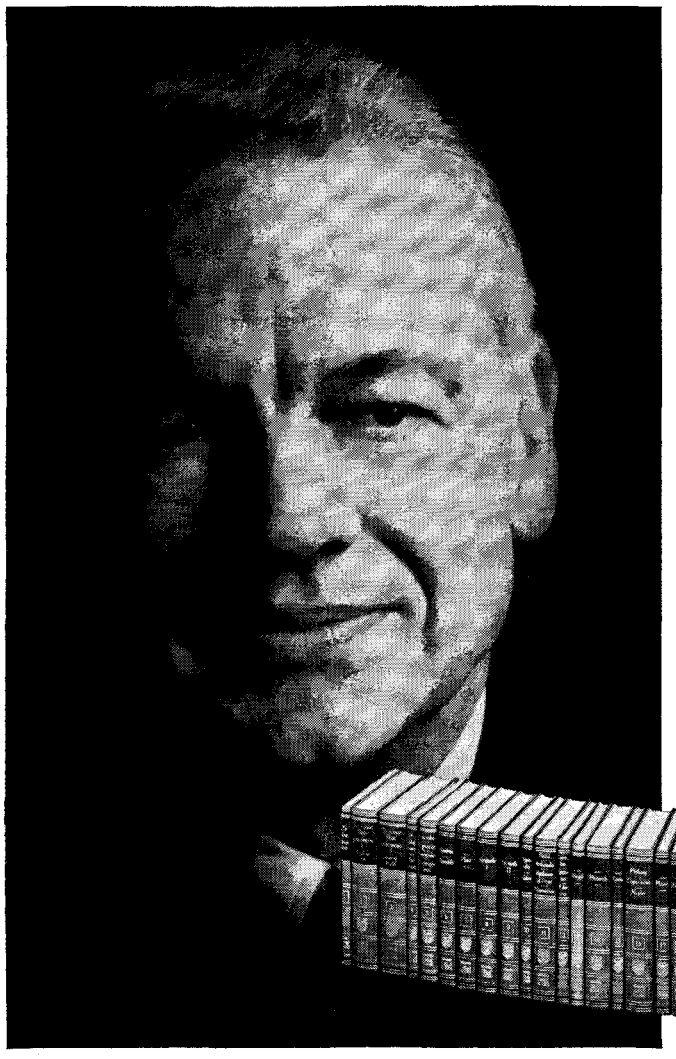

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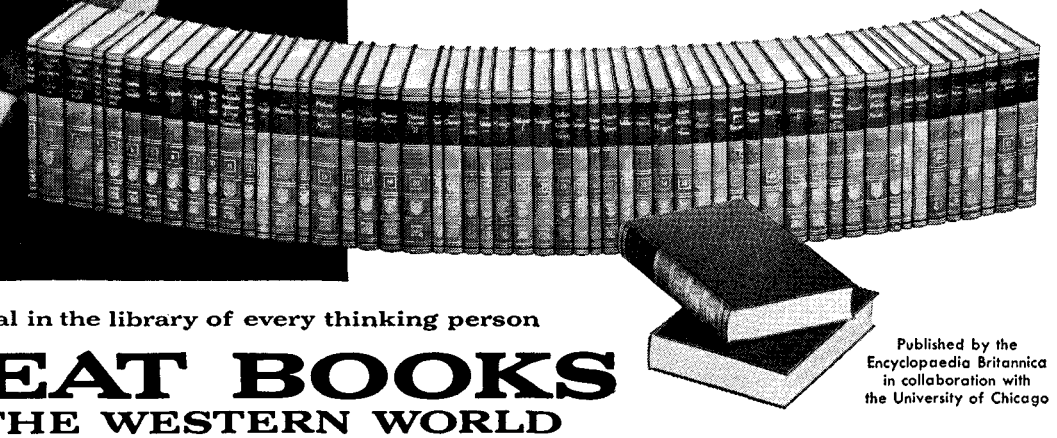

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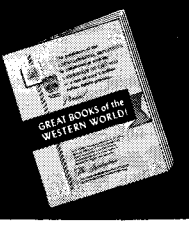

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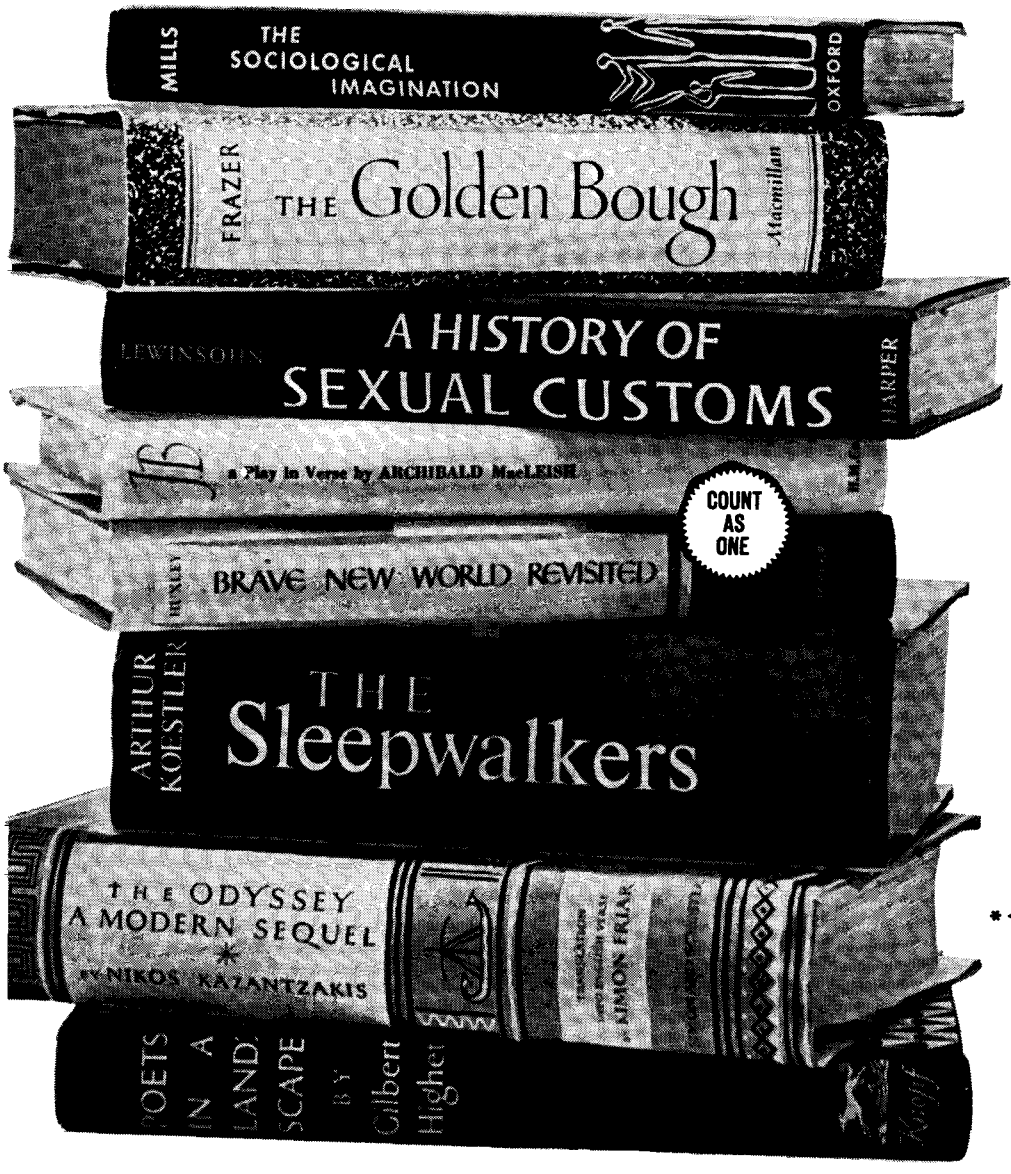

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS an incongruous quality about all this super-summit commuting. And yet, according to **Max Ascoli's** editorial, precisely because of their fantastic and alogical nature, the visits may produce more concrete results than the traditional and logical patterns of diplomacy.

The man who has been assigned to serve as Mr. Khrushchev's guide during his rubberneck tour of the United States is Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., our handsome, full-throated U.N. delegate. The Eisenhower administration seems to get a special satisfaction out of including Ambassador Lodge's name in the dramatis personae of international diplomatic ceremonies, perhaps as a token of how much this country has changed since the days of his grandfather, who has become the historical symbol of American isolationism at its height. But surely a more important measure of the change in national attitudes lies in a comparison between the vindictive older Lodge, sometimes called "the scholar in politics," and the calm, erudite man who is his present-day successor as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Unlike Lodge after the First World War or Charles Sumner after the Civil War, Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas has no inclination to confuse his job with that of the Secretary of State. But under our Constitutional sanctions, that job occupies a central position in the formulation of foreign policy. Senator Fulbright's views on the current flurry of diplomatic tourism were set forth in an interview with **Sidney Hyman,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter* and author of *The American President.*

Yes, isolationism has certainly gone out of style, even in the Midwestern farm belt, where the advantages of foreign markets for the extra food we can't eat are becoming increasingly obvious. It is, of course, almost shocking to speak of American self-interest in getting rid of surplus food when we consider the world's urgent need. The fact is that for the vast majority of human beings the most urgent problem is not the cold war but that cold, empty feeling in the pit of the stomach. "To the millions who have to go without two meals a day," Gandhi once said, "the only acceptable form in which God dare appear is food." The same might also be said of the lesser deities of international politics. Our report on the "Food for Peace" movement is by **Karl E. Meyer,** of the staff of the Washington *Post and Times Herald.*

ACCORDING to **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European correspondent, the Chinese Communists are making a good deal more headway than the Russians among the nationalist-minded peoples of North Africa. . . . Communism being a secular religion that demands the total devotion of its communicants, the East German government has seen fit to promulgate its own Ten Commandments. Walter Ulbricht's crusade against the Evangelical Church is described by **George Bailey,** a regular contributor. . . . The school bells are ringing in a new school year and once again we hear of the slow and painful efforts to effect even token racial integration in Southern classrooms. **David Halberstam,** a reporter for the Nashville *Tennessean,* writes of one community that seems to have gotten through at least the important first stages of complying with the Supreme Court's rulings. . . . What might be called the post-Castro political alignment of the hemisphere is analyzed by **Gladys Delmas,** a free-lance writer who is now traveling in South America. . . . In our series of *Reporter* essays, we have set out to re-examine some of the basic assumptions about American institutions. In this issue, **David T. Bazelon,** an experienced corporation lawyer whose articles have appeared in a number of magazines, probes deep by asking who actually enjoys effective ownership of the great business enterprises listed on the stock exchange that are the very heart of our vaunted free-enterprise system?

THE NEW literary sensation of Italy, a novel written just before his death by a little-known Sicilian prince who seems almost like a fictional character himself, is described by **Sidney Alexander,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter* who is now in Italy working on a sequel to his own historical novel, *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House). . . . The reminiscence by **John Phillips** will appear as a chapter in *Odd World: A Photo Reporter's Story,* which will be published this month by Simon and Schuster. . . . **Bernard Asbell** is a free-lance writer who lives in Chicago. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** author of *The Affluent Society* (Houghton Mifflin), is Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard. . . . **H. Stuart Hughes,** professor of History at Harvard, wrote *Consciousness and Society* (Knopf). . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity* and a regular contributor to this magazine. . . . Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 21, NO. 4 **SEPTEMBER 17, 1959**

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Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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This Infernal Entrapment

ONLY PREHISTORIC tales can offer some kind of precedent for what is happening in our days: the scurrying around of the two most powerful leaders of the two most powerful empires, each paying a ceremonial visit to the land of the other, each aware that the power of destruction he holds is superhuman and not fit to be entrusted to human beings.

What the two men will say to each other, what each will do to reach the other's countrymen with his soothing words and his benign image, all this could be reported by Homeric tales of gods and men much better than in newspaper stories—provided, of course, the two leaders succeed in preventing the ultimate Trojan War.

One can safely assume that both our President and the Soviet Premier loathe the prospect of war. Not much else do they have in common. No matter whether they negotiate or, as our State Department insists, just "converse," when they use expressions such as *peace, competition, relaxation of tension,* they actually mean different, and probably opposite things. The two political orders these two men represent are not to be compared, nor weighed on the same scales; neither can possibly be reconciled to the indefinitely prolonged existence of the other.

It would be just as well, when Khrushchev is here, if the two men were some time to dispense with interpreters and go around by themselves, looking, for instance, at the Black Angus cattle on the Gettysburg farm. Or they could look at each other, for they are both living beings —they, as well as the cattle. Both have the power to extinguish life.

There can be no doubt that both are scared. Their countries are locked in a conflict that has extended into everything but war itself. War in our times would over-reach its goals to the point of absolute senselessness; yet the two nations keep perfecting the means of war while pursuing an unrelenting struggle in order to keep abreast of each other in every field, from economic production, to technology, to education.

This total conflict short of war is exacerbated by the fact that the ultimate means to reach a nation's ends must always be available but cannot conceivably be resorted to. The nuclear weapons have deprived us both of war and of peace. There is no alternative to peace, but we have no peace. The savage conflict that is being fought short of war leaves mankind short of peace.

WHAT CAN BREAK this infernal entrapment? This is why the two men meet. The living symbols of the two great powers are exchanging ceremonial visits, offering us the pageantry of a peace we do not have. In a situation where there is absolute need of some contact between the two great nations, and no solid basis for any, the perambulations, and the occasional togetherness, of the two living symbols has a legendary quality. With luck, it may be a step toward that enduring peace it pretends to portray.

This exchange of ritual visits can be the starting point of major events—in our favor. The two régimes are as incompatible as they are incomparable, and their incompatibility is accentuated rather than lessened by the absence of war. Ultimately, the conflict can be resolved only when one of the two systems gives in. On this score, Khrushchev has been utterly candid: he does not doubt that history is on his side. For years, the Communist International has been testing the strength of our structure. It has attacked or eroded every soft spot where military action could be conducted without the risk of total war, as is the case now with Laos. Our Allies have been the object of constant pressure, cajolement, and threats. The Kremlin has never failed to cash in right away on any real or alleged technological advantage in the development and production of weapons.

The ebullient Khrushchev is exceedingly anxious to get certificates of equality from us on all counts, from military might, to industrial potential, to mass prosperity. If in some fields he is not yet our equal, he has already set the date when he will catch up with us. And then, of course, he will leave us behind. In fact, he is so hell-bent on me-too-ing us, and so obviously impressed by the senselessness of the armaments race, that he may conceivably decide to co-operate with us in some measure of armament reduction.

Has Khrushchev considered that the Spartan discipline of Communism can scarcely stand the test of opulence? Does he realize that should he allow himself and his people a quieter, more relaxed life, Communism—the tireless maker of tension—could not possibly be the gainer?

IN THE COMPETITION between the two visitors the advantage undoubtedly lies with the less articulate, unrambunctious, radiantly earnest Eisenhower. His homilies on the dignity of man sound rather trite to us, but they may acquire a real, a passionate meaning for the Russians. It was Khrushchev, this parvenu of power, who was so anxious to visit our country, and particularly to have the President visit Russia. Someday he may be sorry to have set in motion this whole trend of events. We devoutly hope that by then it will be too late.

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The Advice and Consent Of J. William Fulbright

SIDNEY HYMAN

Several of the newspapers I read have compared the hero's welcome President Eisenhower received at various stops on his European trip with President Wilson's experience there forty years ago. In view of what the U.S. Senate did, after Wilson's return, to deflate his personal triumph among the Allies, it seemed worthwhile to discuss President Eisenhower's present standing in Congress with a central figure in that relationship, Senator J. William Fulbright, Democratic chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Given the fact that Fulbright has little in common with Henry Cabot Lodge, a repetition of the 1919 debacle is obviously unthinkable, so I began by asking the senator if he felt that the President's hand was greatly strengthened in foreign affairs by the support he can count on from Congress, even though it is controlled by the opposition party. With a wry smile, the senator conceded that it might make some difference. But he went on to say that he has a pretty clear idea of the limits of his own power and doesn't expect any applause for not exploiting the nuisance value of his job. For Senator Fulbright, the principal concern is how to get things started, not how to stop them.

Unlike many other senators caught for an interview at day's end, Fulbright has the grace to remember that he is not addressing a vast congregation. He actually converses with his interviewer, and above all, he respects the fact that the simple declarative sentence is the greatest invention of the human intellect. This, then, is a report on the uses to which he put that singular invention in an hour of twilight talk.

The Senate's Job

Senator Fulbright finds some grounds for comfort in the fact that Christian Herter, a trusted friend, now sits at the head of the State Department, ably backed up by another trusted friend, Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon. But he

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is disturbed by the degree to which these good and generous men are hemmed in by a set of distinctly parsimonious policies—policies that proceed largely from a passion for economizing and a timid interpretation of the nation's economic potential. The decline of American power since 1953 has not been arrested. The self-inflicted national wounds resulting from a wrong order of national values and priorities have not been healed. The strains within the Grand Alliance have not lessened, while the Soviet Union, with Communist China hot on its heels, daily grows in strength.

But Senator Fulbright's most pressing day-to-day problem is how and where to draw a frontier line between the powers of the Executive and the Senate, so that our national-security policies can be formulated and executed in a way that is both responsible and responsive to the needs of the nation.

Unlike some of his predecessors, Fulbright is convinced that the Senate is not structurally equipped to play any major role in the day-to-day management of foreign affairs. When it tries to do that, especially under modern conditions of coalition diplomacy, it only multiplies disarray at home and confusion abroad. The management function, he feels, is by its very nature Executive in character. The Senate therefore must not only place itself under a self-denying ordinance when it comes to the mechanics of diplomacy, but must help arm the Executive with competent means and authority to bargain, to maneuver, and to seize any fugitive opportunity cast up by the shifting tides of world events.

The Senate, by keeping its distance from the Executive, can be an effective instrument of public education; it can define and clarify the zones of the feasible, the areas of the negotiable, thereby assuring that the Executive, when it decides to act, has the fullest support of public opinion. On its own, moreover, the Senate can bring its social inventiveness into play by formulating the policy objectives to be pursued around the world, while leaving the Executive complete freedom as to the timing and tactics. In other words, the function of the Senate, and of the Foreign Relations Committee in particular, is to try to be the conscience of the Executive—without in any way indulging in the frivolous delusion of co-equality.

Here is how the theory has worked out in practice recently. Senator Fulbright was not informed before the public announcement that President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev had agreed to an exchange of visits. Nor was he informed in advance that President Eisenhower meant to go to Europe. Nevertheless, as Senator Fulbright had himself previously contributed to the climate of opinion which made these events possible, he felt no affront to his personal dignity when events unfolded as they did. Things would surely have been very different if a man like Arthur Vandenberg—or even Tom Connally or Walter George—had not been sent word in advance.

'The Veto President'

None of this is to say that Senator Fulbright feels that the President, now billed as "the new Eisenhower," is without fault or flaw. "In domestic matters," Fulbright remarked, "what passes under the adulatory name of the 'new Eisenhower' is really the old one whose essential strength lay in not initiating new things, but in stopping the new things others tried to put in motion. He has been the Veto President all along; only now, instead of exercising the veto behind the covering screen of men like Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, Sherman Adams, or the successive budget directors, he is compelled by circumstances to do it in his own name."

Senator Fulbright adds that a Veto President is not inherently better or worse than a Prime Mover President. Changing times and cases may call for one and not the other. "What is misleading," he says, "is the polemics of the current case. The administration is trying hard to pin a 'won't do' tag on the present Democratic Congress, as if it were just like the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress President Truman successfully anathematized. The two are really as different as day and night. The Republican Eightieth Congress vetoed or scaled down the proposals for comprehensive domestic legislation involving such matters as inflation control, tax revision, and the liberalization of minimum wages and social-security benefits. All these measures had reached Congress on the initiative of President Truman. In the present Congress, the proposals for comprehensive legislation in domestic matters are coming from the Democratic members, only to be knocked down or scaled down by a vetoing Republican Presidency. If the 'won't do' label in domestic matters is to be stamped anywhere, it ought to be on the White House."

In this connection, Senator Fulbright believes that the administration is guilty of something more than mislabeling. He feels that by citing the danger of inflation as a ground for vetoing all moves toward a stepped-up rate of economic growth, it is crippling the nation's power to attain the diplomatic goals that the administration itself has set: "If we assume that the cold war is moving into a new dimension where the grounds of battle will be economic in character, then the domestic economic strength of the parties to the conflict and the priorities they assign to their productive resources may be of decisive importance. To the extent that the administration fails to increase its sources of revenue either through taxes or through an expansion of the economy, to that extent will it prejudice the nation's chances of victory in the new dimension of the cold war which seems to lie ahead."

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Turning from the domestic to the overseas background for the "new Eisenhower," Senator Fulbright paused to recall how the Republicans indicted President Franklin D. Roosevelt for having practiced the same brand of personal diplomacy. "I am not at all sure what the phrase means," he said, "except that I know it was invested with a full quota of sinister significance. Now, of course, we are treated to the spectacle of President Eisenhower being hailed in the act of practicing 'personal diplomacy.' I don't think it is the next worse thing to Original Sin. Quite the contrary. I have long favored the sort of personal exchanges now underway. My point is merely about the ironies of the situation."

And he continued: "When you stop to think about it, isn't it also an ironical commentary on the disarray within the NATO alliance when responsible leaders of European powers should need a reassurance from a President of the United States that he will not deal behind their back in his meetings with Mr. Khrushchev? But leaving irony aside, I welcome all evidence that in the field of foreign affairs we are seeing not a 'new Eisenhower' but the 'Ike' of pre-1952 Republican Convention days. The 'Ike' of those days embodied in his person the whole spirit of what NATO was meant to be. He was the prophet of warning and encouragement, the negotiator of operating agreements where each member nation could see that its own national interest was best served in the context of a security arrangement that served simultaneously the national interest of every other member. His renown was vastly augmented by that fact. And if now he returns to the scene and source of the accomplishments which carried him into the White House, and if he there sets in motion the material programs necessary to restore the integrity of his earlier accomplishments, the actions which will add luster to his name will also add strength to the Grand Alliance."

Take Him to Our Leader

When the fact of Mr. Khrushchev's impending visit came into the conversation, Senator Fulbright observed how often democracies are inclined

to invest their dictatorial rivals with omniscient powers. When Adolph Hitler was at the height of his harassing business, for example, the belief took hold among his intended victims that everything he did was thought out to the last chapter, and subject to his personal control at every step along the way. He had placed everyone on an automatic chess board, and everyone must inevitably move according to a master plan of his own design. Only afterward, when the Nazi war records were available for study, it became clear that he was often swept along by events that caught him by surprise and carried him in directions he had no intention of going. It also appeared that he was an incredible blunderer.

"It would be well to remember," Fulbright said, "that Mr. Khrushchev too can be swept up and carried along by external forces over which he has no control. He can also fall into gross errors of judgment. It's quite possible that what he thought would happen when he precipitated the Berlin crisis was very different from what actually did happen. In any case, it is as much to our own interest as it is to his to keep open the avenues on which we may move toward tenable positions that are alternatives to war."

Nevertheless, the senator felt that the advance buildup given to the impending Khrushchev visit in the press might serve to activate what is always a latent danger in a democracy that has been subjected to a long period of stress. The danger is that the public, impatient for quick relief, will make its impatience a source of embarrassing pressure on its leaders when actual negotiations take place.

"It is important to bear in mind," he said, "that the impending visit has not altered a single item in the quotients of world power. It is the beginning of a procedure for protracted conversations, and nothing more than a procedure. It does not mean that we no longer need a strong and versatile military establishment. Much less does it mean that we can do without an aggressive, articulate foreign-aid program.

"What we urgently need, if there is to be any continuity in that kind of program, is long-term planning. What we now have is a system of appropriations on a hand-to-mouth basis that is both wasteful and inefficient. When this comes to the notice of the American public, it is followed by a great outcry against the whole concept of foreign aid. This is rather like putting hobbles on a horse and then beating him because he won't run faster."

IN THE COMING PARLEYS with the Russians, Senator Fulbright, as always, is firmly convinced that only the Executive, and in this case the Chief Executive, can speak for the nation. To be sure, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee may prod the Executive to move in certain areas, as he did recently with his declaration about the need for new policies in the Middle East. But the senator always insists—and this is particularly important for foreigners who may have heard just enough about Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge to develop a profound misunderstanding of our balanced system of government—that it is up to the Executive to assume the actual burden of conducting foreign affairs, whether they be mere conversations or serious negotiations. The job Congress has to do is big enough, and it has nothing to gain or to contribute when it tries to act like a back-seat driver or a camp follower.

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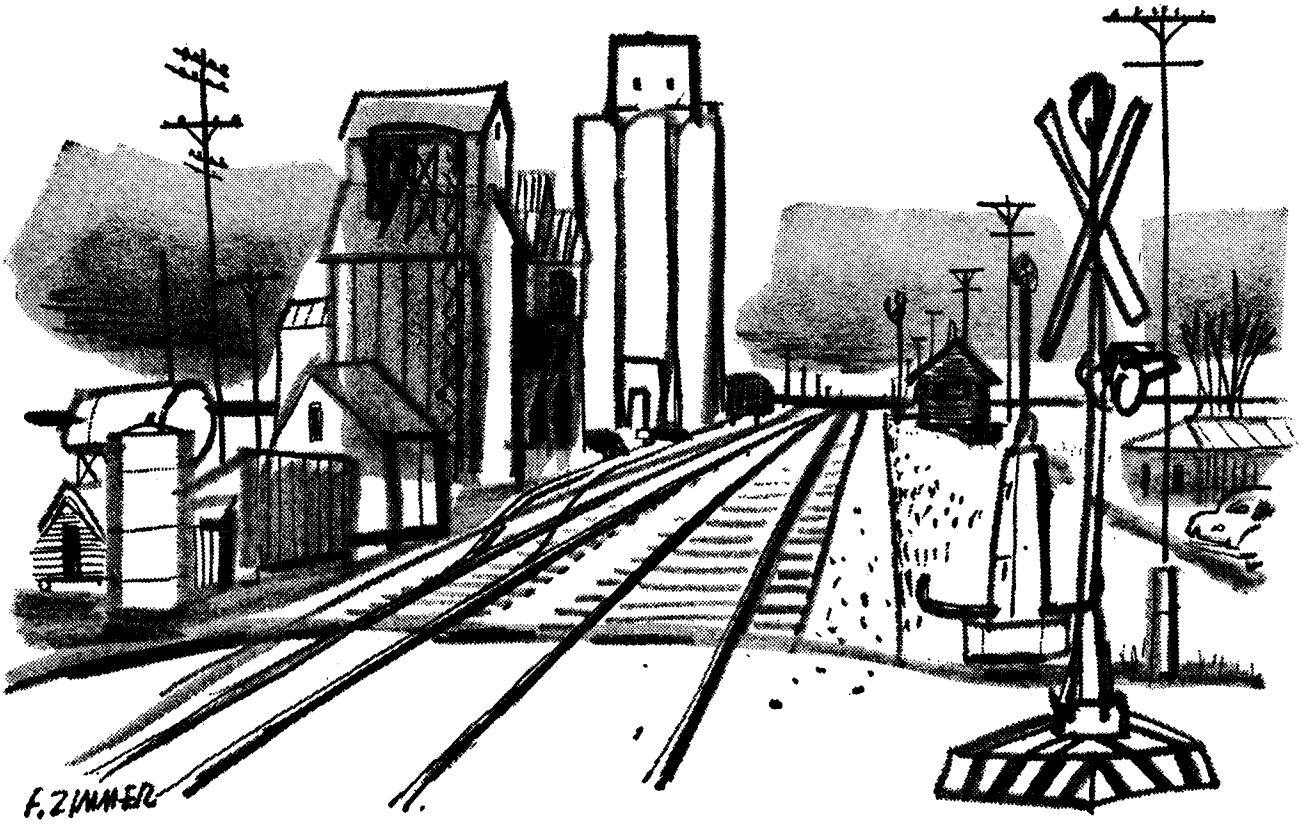

Too Much Food in a Starving World

What would Khrushchev do if he had sixty billion loaves of bread to spare?

KARL E. MEYER

I would like to see him go into our great farmland and see our farmers, each one operating on his own, not regimented.—President Eisenhower.

WHAT MAY impress Mr. Khrushchev most during his brief visit to Iowa is the insistence of the American farmer on producing more food than his government wants him to—a form of hardy independence that any Soviet planner might envy. What may amaze our visitor even more is that the administration regards vast food surpluses as a kind of calamity, a painful embarrassment to leaders intent on budgetary tidiness.

Many American taxpayers are also amazed. At last count, the government's investment in our surplus supermarket is $8.8 billion—indeed, the cost to the treasury for just keeping the unwanted surplus has soared beyond $1 billion in the past year, and will probably reach $1.4 billion by 1961.

The food molders; the world is hungry; the question is self-evident: Why can't the United States turn its burden into a bounty and help banish want from the world? And even leaving moral considerations aside, the problem is especially pressing because of the changing nature of the Soviet challenge, as epitomized by Mr. Khrushchev's visit to this country.

THIS IS THE BACKGROUND for a debate linking food surplus with foreign policy that has been engaging the Capital, if only on a sporadic and desultory basis. The chances are excellent that the tempo of debate will quicken, for three reasons. First, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey—who is volubly tenacious, whatever his other merits or failings—has seized on the issue by proposing an ambitious Food for Peace plan aimed at turning our abundance into a more useful national asset.

Secondly, the administration, in part because of the Humphrey offensive and partly because of proselytizing from within, has moved a quarter-step away from its previous policy of more or less hoping that a providential swarm of locusts would solve the present surplus problem. Mr. Eisenhower, too, has taken up the Food for Peace slogan, and even Secretary of Agriculture Benson has adopted a more stoic view of the abundance that is the despair of his department. Mr. Humphrey could hardly improve on one of Mr. Benson's recent statements: "We look upon our agricultural abundance,

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with all the problems it involves, not as a burden but as a blessing. This blessing, if wisely used, can and will make a substantial contribution to the solution of the great problems of our time arising from hunger, insecurity and fear of war."

The third reason, however, is perhaps the most important. It is simply that for better or worse our food surpluses seem to have become a permanent problem for the American economy, and unless we are to suffocate in a blanket of plenty, some orderly solution must be found. Consider one statistic. Experts calculate that our current wheat production alone—Mr. K will probably see part of it being harvested—will be about 1.1 billion bushels. Of this, around 600 million bushels will be sufficient for domestic needs, leaving an excess of 500 million bushels, or more than enough to choke up the port facilities of most underdeveloped nations if it were merely given away. In comparison, this year's foodgrain production in India is estimated at about 273 million bushels. And that for India (with a population of 400 million) is a record crop.

Loaves and Fishes

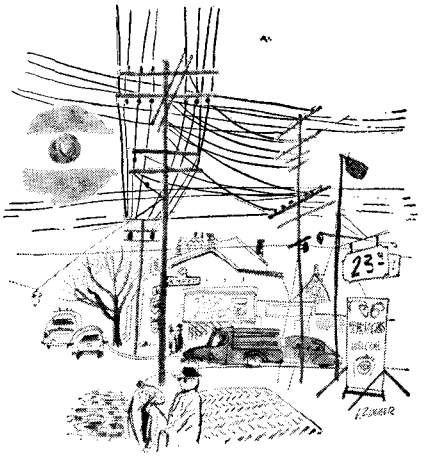
The extraordinary productivity of the American farmer is the indisputable first cause of our embarrassment of food riches. In most of the countries of Asia, including vast stretches of Mr. Khrushchev's homeland, the problem is still to goad the farm population to adopt modern methods for better production, and to soften an obdurate conservatism. The problem in the United States is of quite another order. With admirable efficiency, the American farmer quickly acquires the newest skills, uses the best chemical fertilizers, plants the latest hybrid seeds —and increases the incidence of ulcers in Mr. Benson's department.

A few figures illustrate the phenomenon. In 1820, the average American farm worker produced enough to supply the needs of 4.1 persons; by 1940, the figure was 10.8 persons, and by 1956 it jumped to 20.8 people. The productivity of the American farmer has thus grown more since 1940 than it did in the previous 120 years.

Two reasons help explain why. Coupled with the wartime exhortations to increase production has been a technological revolution in agriculture which has consequences that are awesome and still only dimly understood. New chemical fertilizers and hybrid seeds have achieved marvelously fecund results. According to data gathered by Cargill, Inc., a major grain-trading firm, corn acreage has declined more than twenty-five per cent since 1930—but the production of corn has climbed from two billion bushels to nearly 3.8 billion, or from twenty to fifty-two bushels an acre.

It becomes apparent that the surplus problem would not necessarily be solved if all the marginal and less-prosperous farmers were coaxed to the cities. The less successful farmers amount to fifty-six per cent of our farm population, but account for only 7.1 per cent of total farm sales. In other words, if our farm population were cut in half over night, the government's storage bins would probably still be bursting.

The situation is rich in ironies. Ezra Taft Benson, perhaps the most frugal-minded member of a penny-pinching cabinet, has spent more in six years than the combined outlays of all previous secretaries since the post was created ninety-seven years ago. Mr. Benson's crit-



ics take cruel delight in the figures: he has spent about $31 billion, as against a total of $27.6 billion for all his predecessors.

No small part of this money has been used for the wholly unproductive purpose of just storing the unwanted food. Last year, the Department of Agriculture paid sixty private firms more than half a million dollars each in storage fees. The total payments to these companies exceeded $119 million, with the largest check going to the C-G-F Grain Co. of Fort Worth, Texas—a tidy sum of $14,787,434.06. In addition to the private companies, a bureaucracy of 6,300 government employees is needed to supervise the storage of surplus. Aside from some 237,000 storage bins scattered through twenty-three states, 225 Liberty ships lie at anchor along both coasts with about forty-three million bushels of wheat in their holds.

The prosaic tables of the Commodity Credit Corporation—keepers of the surplus supermarket—fail to communicate a vivid idea of our overflowing larder. Perhaps an interesting calculation made not long ago by the *Magazine of Wall Street* puts it in the simplest terms. Before this year's crops, each American family had an investment interest of $131.89 in surplus commodities and owned fourteen bushels of wheat, twenty-one bushels of corn, three hundred pounds of grain sorghum, a fifth of a pound of tobacco, a peck of soybeans, and a bushel of barley. According to a cereal-chemistry analyst in the Department of Agriculture, a bushel of wheat can yield more than sixty loaves of bread. With our present wheat surplus at well over a billion bushels, we could therefore produce upwards of sixty billion loaves—or twenty-five loaves for every person on the planet. And with this year's anticipated surplus alone, another thirteen loaves could be piled on for good measure.

A Foundation Has Been Laid

There is, however, an enormously complex process involved in taking a bushel of wheat from a government granary and turning it into bread to be used somewhere else. Problems of world trade, transportation facilities, currency, contracts, and political considerations all intrude. Nonetheless, since 1954 this country has learned to master some of the difficulties involved and has already used vast quantities of unwanted food to good purpose.

This has been done under Public Law 480, a program relatively unsung because its title is deadeningly impersonal and its proclaimed object — "surplus disposal" — inspires

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neither affection nor respect. Originally it was conceived as a stopgap instrument for disposal of a temporary surplus. But the surplus seems to have become a permanent feature of American agriculture, and so has the law. Each year, it has been renewed, and each renewal has seen an enlargement of its scope.

The breadth of the law is expressed in its three titles. Title I authorizes the sale of up to $1.5 billion a year in surplus commodities for local (or "soft") currencies, and specifies various ways in which the money paid for our food can be used. The second title permits the donation of food to meet emergency calls, at the rate of $250 million a year. Under Title III, the government is authorized to barter surpluses for strategic materials, to use foodstuffs in the United States for school lunch programs and for feeding the needy, and to give food to nonprofit voluntary agencies for overseas relief programs.

To date, the value of programs undertaken through Public Law 480 exceeds $7.6 billion, and last year alone up to thirty per cent of our total agricultural exports moved under contracts made possible by the law. The diverse projects realized through the law make an impressive and instructive list. Just a partial catalogue would include:

Item: Some $814 million received from the sale of food for soft currency has been committed to such projects as extending the railroads of Brazil, building a hydroelectric plant in Iceland, aiding the irrigation of Israel, expanding a cement plant in Thailand, erecting bridges in Paraguay, financing low-cost workers' housing in Greece, clearing the way for farm-to-market roads in Colombia, setting up an agricultural credit system in Ecuador, and fostering an industrial complex in Austria which includes iron, steel, textiles, paper, and chemicals.

Item: In addition to providing food for more than 14 million American school children, 4.5 million needy families, and 1.4 million persons in charitable homes, surplus stocks have been distributed to more than 100 million people overseas through twenty-two voluntary relief organizations and such official agencies as UNICEF.

Item: Under the 270 market-development programs made possible by the law, about 18 million people have seen thirty-one trade exhibits in fifteen countries. Other funds have gone to distributing cheddar cheese in Brazil, ice-cream bars in Yugoslavia, and nutritional advice on using the soybean in Japan—and inevitably, money has also been used to celebrate the pulchritude of various "Queens" and "Maids" who lend their talents to furthering commodity sales.

Item: Food sales have paid the expenses of 2,687 individuals in educational exchange programs. Money has been allotted in Austria, Colombia, and Turkey for textbook translations. Workshops and chairs in American studies are being established in foreign schools under a program just underway.

Item: Unwanted surpluses valued at nearly $1 billion have been bartered abroad for strategic materials —ranging from antimony to zinc, from cryolite to muscovite splittings—that are needed in this country.

Item: About $490 million worth of food has been granted since 1954 to help alleviate distress in thirty-six countries. In Tunisia, an emergency work program employing 40,000 persons has been made possible through a grant of $8.3 million of surplus wheat—with the food providing part of the wages.

WHAT MAKES the record of achievement particularly remarkable is that it has taken place under—or rather, in spite of—an administrative procedure that might baffle the most determined applicant. "It is a remarkable and shameful fact," Senator Humphrey has pointed out, "that no one is really in charge of the store that sells or otherwise distributes billions of dollars worth of surplus agricultural commodities. There is literally no one in high authority in the entire government who devotes full time to the administration of Public Law 480."

All told, nine major agencies are involved in administering the law. Sitting atop this bureaucratic jungle-gym are an Interagency Committee on Agricultural Surplus Disposal and an Interagency Staff Committee on Surplus Disposal. The program thus appears faceless as well as nameless; two co-ordinating committees rouse neither enthusiasm nor esteem. In practice, nearly everybody in the nine agencies has a veto and no one below the President can remedy cases of administrative arteriosclerosis. Negotiations for agreements can be long, frustrating, and at times acrimonious. The efficiency of the American farmer finds scant imitation in the program designed to distribute his products abroad.

A Slogan Is Born

Yet there is general agreement in Washington that Public Law 480—warts and all—has been an instrument for good, both in human terms and in helping development on a modest scale overseas. No one wants to scuttle the program, least of all with vaster surpluses in prospect next year. Instead, the debate in the Capital centers on what form the program should take.

Senator Humphrey and his supporters believe Public Law 480 should be renamed, put on a permanent basis, given more purposeful direction, and enlarged in scope. The White House, on the other hand, apparently wants to renew the program for one year pretty much as it is—with a little brighter cellophane packaging, tied up in a ribbon reading Food for Peace. The major new ingredient in the administration proposal is a plan for encouraging the creation of national food reserves abroad, so that countries now vulnerable to famines could have a food bank to draw on in lean years to come. But the law, in its essentials, would remain the same.

Underlying the administration's public position is an anguishing dialectical dilemma that a connoisseur like Mr. Khrushchev might appreciate. On the one hand, it is a fixed article of faith in Secretary Benson's department that surpluses are a transient phenomenon, the legacy of foolish past policies which could be removed if the Democrats in Congress passed the Benson farm program undiluted. But on the other hand, Congress remains unrepentent, the administration's remedies that have been applied simply haven't worked, and the surplus stores continue to swell. Thus, the

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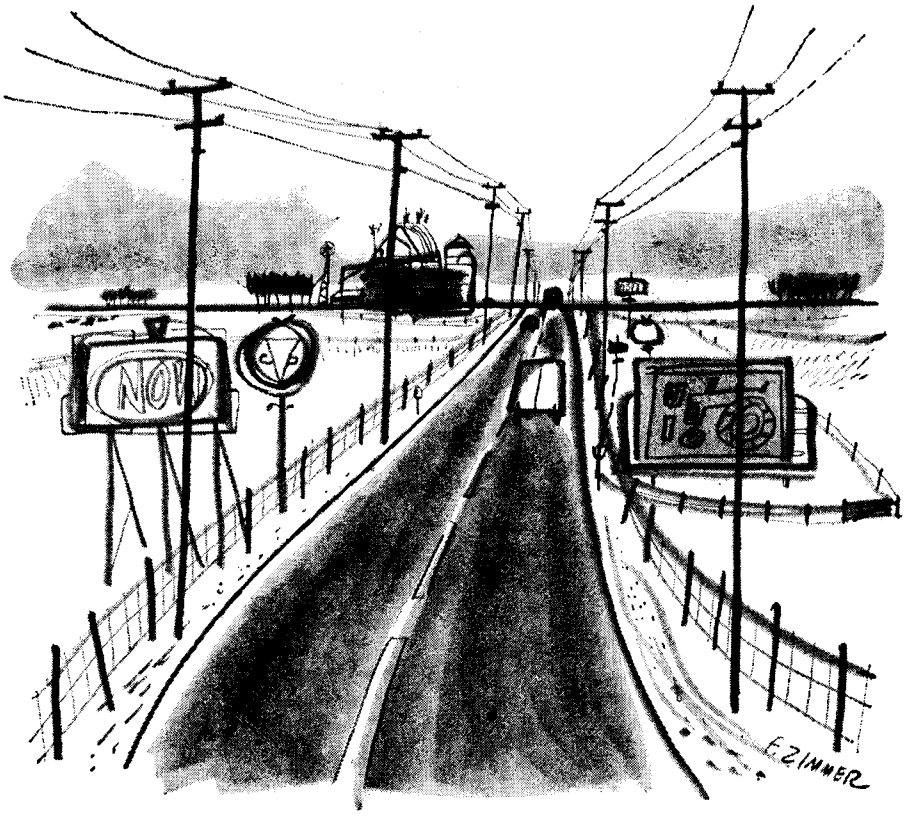
White House has become an unwilling recruit in the Food for Peace ranks, and has swallowed its dogmas to the extent of conceding that the surpluses are not always necessarily a burden but can sometimes be a blessing.

The exact story of how Mr. Eisenhower placed his seal of approval on the slogan, "Food for Peace," forms one of those minor semi-comic episodes which enliven life along the Potomac. One knowledgeable Washingtonian did a little detective work and put together this chronology of events:

In his Farm Message to Congress on January 29, the President first promised to explore the possibilities of Food for Peace. The words were apparently stuck in at the last minute by a Presidential speech writer. Other members of the White House staff, not knowing the source of the language, placed frantic calls to the Department of Agriculture asking what was up. Agriculture, meanwhile, was making the same urgent queries at the White House. C. Douglas Dillon, then Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, ordered his staff to find out how the phrase crept in. Ten days later the answer was found. It seems that a lower-echelon official in Agriculture had offered the suggestion over the phone to a White House aide, who in turn had persuaded the speech writer to insert the phrase. Five days later, the Department of Agriculture took to a White House meeting four papers suggesting what the President might have meant. The result was that on April 10, Mr. Benson announced that he was calling a Food for Peace conference of wheat-exporting countries. Thus, in a familiar Washington cycle, a seed planted by a ghost-writer sprouted into a conference which then appointed a committee which presumably will produce a report—a wan bloom for a ghost-writer to press in his memory book.

In a moment of becoming candor, one high official in the Department of Agriculture expained what was behind the game of appearances. "Put that pencil down and listen a minute," he said. "There are certain common conceptions which we all believe in: Christianity, Motherhood, the Family, and Food. Those



are things that folks everywhere understand. When you have food, you don't damn it. You just don't damn food."

The Humphrey Plan

On this point, Senator Humphrey and the administration are wholly in accord. In *his* Food for Peace plan, prepared after extensive hearings and co-sponsored by fifteen other Democratic senators, the purpose is proclaimed in a mighty paean which serves as the preamble to his bill:

"Because of the increased productivity made possible by science and technology, there is now, for the first time in history, no reason in physical scarcity for the continued existence of hunger, anywhere on this earth. . . . The Congress . . . declares it to be the policy of the United States to move as rapidly as possible in co-operation with other friendly nations toward putting its abundance of food and fiber more effectively in the service of human need."

Basically, the Humphrey plan would switch the emphasis from "surplus disposal" to an affirmative approach, commit the country to a long-term program at a slightly stepped-up rate, and provide for administrative invigoration under a Peace Food Administrator. The title of that office, incidentally, is a typical Humphrey touch; the senator has turned the name of the old War Food Administrator of wartime days on its head. As the Minnesotan conceives the job, the Peace Food Administrator would preside over a five-year program permitting the sale of surpluses at the rate of $2 billion a year, compared with the present limit of $1.5 billion. The administrator would report only to the President and would be given authority to chop through the bureaucratic underbrush to ensure that the food ended up on somebody's plate.

Senator Humphrey's provisions for the International Food for Peace bill would enable the administrator to strike a variety of bargains. As in the White House plan, he could provide grants of food to fill up national food reserves. But he could also agree to ten-year programs of long-term supply contracts for our unwanted produce. In addition, the Humphrey legislation would create whole categories of new uses for the soft currency paid for our food.

Two aspects of the Humphrey plan have drawn administration fire. First, the Department of Agri-

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culture stoutly dissents from the view that there is any need for administrative reform. According to Assistant Secretary Clarence L. Miller, the present program "is now effectively co-ordinated." Secondly, embodying the long-term principle in the structure of the law runs square against the official doctrines of Mr. Benson's department. Thus Mr. Miller warned Congress that the ten-year feature of the Humphrey plan "will tend to create the unfortunate impression that surpluses will be with us for at least that forward period."

ON BOTH COUNTS, however, Mr. Humphrey can quote from a series of studies made of Public Law 480, including several by committees appointed by the administration itself. The latest is the report of the Draper Committee, presented to the White House on July 13, which concluded: "While the present large surpluses may, for a variety of reasons, be reduced or eliminated in the years ahead, this does not seem likely in the near future. Since surpluses can be expected for some time, their value for development purposes should be realized to the fullest extent possible."

In its overall survey of our economic assistance program, this Presidential group further believed "that more effective use can be made of our surplus . . . by changes in administrative arrangements to coordinate more effectively the use of these commodities and local currency sales proceeds with other economic assistance programs." This should include, the committee suggested, the assigning to a single agency more flexible authority for programing the local currencies we acquire. Mr. Humphrey might well ask if the administration reads its own reports, which, like the surplus, seem to grow every year.

The issues at stake in the debate over Food for Peace are essentially the same as those in the general debate on foreign aid. Like other economic-aid programs, Public Law 480 was conceived as a short-term, emergency measure. But like the others, it has become permanent in all but name. Senator Humphrey is asking that the banns of permanence be read, and the common-law reality be legitimized by putting the program on an orderly institutional basis.

Does it make sense to continue our aid programs on a year-to-year legislative basis, as if Mr. Khrushchev were apt to take one look at Main Street in Des Moines and suddenly call off the cold war? In the case of food, as in other foreign-aid programs, a long-term program makes a good deal of sense. For one thing, it would encourage the kind of continuity and purposeful direction so notably absent from our sprawling foreign-aid apparatus. For another, it would enable consuming countries to count on an assured supply of American foodstuffs in their long-term development plans. This could provide an incentive for the expansion of port facilities and transportation in countries where limited facilities now limit purchases of our unwanted food.

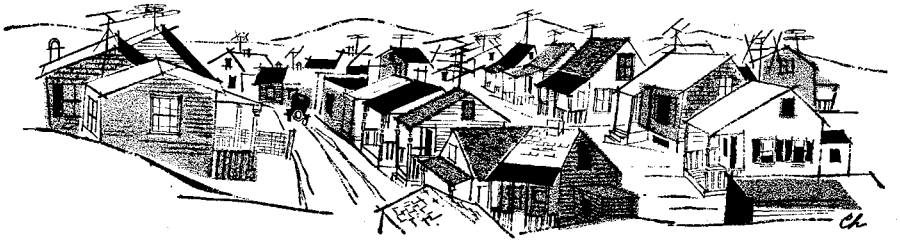
Moreover, the Food for Peace program must be seen as a supplement to other aid programs—not a complete aid program in itself. An embassy official from one food-buying country has this to say: "More food? We'd rather have dollar loans, so that we could buy more industrial equipment. Anyway, are the soft-currency loans we get really an addition to our economy? We have all the local currency we need. But won't there be a tendency to consider food sales as a form of aid, even as a substitute for aid, in Congress?" But this tendency certainly constitutes a less formidable danger than it once did, if only because so many traditional isolationists from the farm belt have come to recognize their own vital self-interest in any program that can be counted on to absorb significant amounts of this country's farm surpluses.

Mr. Humphrey has rallied a good deal of support—both in Washington and elsewhere—behind his plea for a long-term approach. There is another side of the problem, however, on which there is far less agreement. What will the effect of a stepped-up program of food sales be on existing market patterns of the world? It is on this point that the State Department has centered its opposition to the Humphrey plan. Other food-producing countries, some of which even have surpluses to worry about, are understandably nervous at the prospect of low-cost bargains from our supermarket wiping out their hard-currency markets —solving, as they see it, our surplus problem at their expense.

Mr. Humphrey replies by pointing out that Public Law 480 sales have simply not, as some feared, amounted to a "dumping" program. So far, the surpluses distributed have become additional food supplies, and have not markedly displaced purchases from other food-producing countries.

Still, an expansion of our food program could pose grave dangers for a world market already in precarious balance. There is no clearinghouse of non-Communist nations where the needs of food-producing and food-consuming countries can be integrated in an orderly way; indeed, Secretary Benson's impromptu five-nation Food for Peace conference held in Washington last May was something of a surprising departure for an administration which has resisted a multi-nation approach to world food problems. As with other foreign-aid measures, many feel that the need is to internationalize as well as institutionalize existing programs.

THE DIFFICULTIES and limitations of the program are obvious, and they have been stressed enough by those who regard our unwanted food as a mixed blessing. What hasn't been given equal stress is the enormous potential for human good that lies locked in our storage bins. Isn't it worth wondering what Mr. Khrushchev might do if he had sixty billion loaves to give away?



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The Chinese Invasion Of North Africa

EDMOND TAYLOR

A couple of years ago a minor right-wing Moroccan political figure, returning from a visit to Communist China, published a report on his trip. "The Chinese have gotten rid of human defects such as lying, destructive criticism, laziness, stealing and baseness of morals," he reported in one of his articles in the influential, conservative Istiqlal organ *Al Alam*. "Would you believe it," he inquired in another, "if I told you that flies, fleas and lice do not exist in China?"

What chiefly intrigued observers here was the unmistakable made-in-Peking stamp on the prose style of this pious Moslem with no previous Communist or fellow-traveling background.

"This stuff sounds as if it had come straight out of the Peking propaganda mill," a western observer remarked to me. "Up to the time these articles appeared we had never encountered anything like that here. Now it is not uncommon to run across articles in the local press, sometimes signed by well-known Moroccans that read like translations from the original Mandarin."

The apparent conversion of certain North Africans from simple admirers of Communist China into unwitting or conscious agents of Peking foreign policy is merely one aspect of China's emergence as a significant influence in North Africa, particularly in Morocco and Algeria.

As early as 1956 Chinese cultural missions had begun to tour the continent, starting with Egypt, the Sudan, and Ethiopia, and later visiting Tunisia and Morocco. About the same time the China People's Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, an organization modeled on the Soviet VOKS, launched the "people's diplomacy" program by inviting delegations or selected labor leaders, intellectuals, and politicians from the African countries to visit China.

Recently the Chinese authorities have been offering various types of scholarships and fellowships to African students in addition to the standard tours. They also try to interest the African governments in necessarily lopsided professor-exchange agreements, with all the costs borne by China. Morocco, for example, has been offered professors of Mandarin for its universities if it will institute courses in that language; the Moroccan government is reported to have "agreed in principle," though it seems in no hurry to put the agreement into effect. A spokesman for the Algerian rebels told me that "hundreds of scholarships" have been offered to Algerian students by the Communist nations, with China seemingly trying to outdo the others in generosity, whereas only a few Algerians had, thanks to the Ford Foundation, a chance to study in the United States.

A Profusion of Tongues

Peking started beaming short-wave propaganda broadcasts to Africa in March, 1958, and has steadily increased the number of programs. They now include ten and a half hours weekly in Arabic and seven hours each in Mandarin and Cantonese, presumably aimed at the overseas Chinese colony. In addition, listeners throughout North Africa can pick up Peking's French-language broadcasts beamed to Western Europe (ten and a half hours weekly) and its Africa-Europe English language service (fourteen hours).

One particularly significant feature of Chinese radio propaganda, especially to North Africa, is the stress on the "Hate-America" theme. "While the U.S. imperialists pose with a sympathizing face before the Algerian people, their real purpose is to replace the French colonialists," declared one typical program.

An increasing volume of printed or graphic propaganda, most of it in English, is also flowing from China into Africa but its importance at this time is secondary. More significant is the role of the official New China News Agency which, besides functioning as an unofficial intelligence and political mission in countries that do not yet recognize the Peking régime, floods the editorial offices of the African press with the same Communist editorials, speeches, and communiqués that the Peking radio offers. According to one local editor, the agency supplies him with more copy—and more useful copy—than any of its western rivals.

It is in the economic field—par-

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ticularly in their assistance to the Algerian rebels—that the Chinese drive to establish a commanding position in Africa is most unmistakable. Despite acute shortages and difficulties at home, Peking has gone to extravagant lengths to project an image of itself as a formerly underdeveloped power which, after throwing off the yoke of colonialism, has achieved immense economic might and a high level of well-being for its people entirely by its own efforts. (No credit for the feat is given to the substantial Soviet economic and technical assistance programs in China.) To bolster this myth—and to pose as a defender of the Arabs against western "imperialism"—the Peking government made a sizable cash gift to Egypt during the Suez crisis of 1956. The following year it granted an interest-free credit to Yemen for the purchase of various commodities in China. In October, 1957, it contracted to sell Morocco tractors and other machinery that were in short supply at home. These same scarce items have even been offered by Chinese trade scouts in "colonialist" areas like Rhodesia and South Africa. Since the break with France, Guinea—apparently a target of special interest to the Communists—has been deluged with Chinese trade missions and offers of assistance. For the past two years Chinese participation in the Casablanca international trade fair has been a major political event; last November Peking made an equally spectacular appearance at the Tunis fair. In both North African cities the Chinese pavilion rivaled or even overshadowed those of the other big powers, including the Soviet Union. In Casablanca, for example, U.S. experts estimated that virtually all of some six hundred thousand visitors to the fair entered the Chinese pavilion at least once. Tasteless and unimposing by western standards, the Chinese exhibits captured the North African fancy.

"Seeing all those shiny new automobiles and refrigerators from the West makes us more conscious than ever of our own poverty," one Tunisian explained to me. "Whereas the cruder Chinese version looks just like the sort of thing that we might one day hope to produce for ourselves."

At both Tunis and Casablanca the Chinese exploited the Arab and human love for a bargain to enhance the homely magic of their exhibits by offering samples at give-away prices. They also used their pavilions to put across oblique political propaganda. The wife of an important Tunisian official who had visited China with a women's delegation was startled on entering the Chinese pavilion at the fair to see a huge photo-mural of herself shaking hands with Mao Tse-tung.

In 1958 Peking launched an intensive trade drive throughout Africa and succeeded in negotiating, or renegotiating, commercial agreements with Ghana, Ethiopia, Tunisia, and Morocco. Since the early nineteenth century, when British merchants with an interest in the China Trade somehow persuaded the Moroccans to adopt green tea flavored with mint and highly sugared as their national drink—and to brew it in long-spouted tinware kettles made in Birmingham—Morocco has traditionally imported huge quantities (in recent years about 10,000 tons

annually) of green tea leaves from mainland China. Under earlier agreements Morocco's trade balance with China had shown a large and steady deficit. The new agreement signed October 27, 1958, while maintaining Morocco's tea imports at close to the previous level and adding substantial purchases of Chinese machinery and other goods, attempts to balance exchanges between the two countries at the level of about five billion Moroccan francs annually through exports of Moroccan phosphates, sardines, and miscellaneous commodities—usually in the form of triangular deals involving other nations, with China absorbing an exceptionally large part of the shipping costs. The immediate economic benefits of the accord are dubious for China, but the returns in terms of goodwill, prestige, and opportunities for further penetration have already proved substantial. Along with the formal commercial negotiations, the Chinese mission discussed arrangements for the establishment of the new Peking embassy in Rabat and for four consulates to come, drew up the broad lines of a Sino-Moroccan cultural accord, and initiated a kind of informal Point Four program under which Peking would send experts to help Morocco develop its textile and metallurgical industries (twelve Chinese technical and cultural missions are scheduled to visit Morocco this year) and bring some Moroccans to China for training in the same fields. The Chinese threw in a seemingly casual offer—which Morocco does not appear so far to have accepted—to train Moroccan military pilots, to deliver military equipment, and to build a light-arms factory in Morocco that would make the country less dependent on the West.

A Visit to the Moon

China's geographical remoteness from the African theater simultaneously lulls suspicion as to its objectives and handicaps the physical effort of penetration.

"To talk of Chinese intervention in African problems is like talking about intervention from the moon," a left-wing Tunisian who has visited China and makes no secret of his admiration for its régime remarked to me. "But let the Chinese find themselves an intermediate space-platform, as it were, and the West will really have a problem."

Up to now Peking has no good logistic base for operations in Africa, but in a psychological and political sense its aid to the Algerian rebels may provide the space-platform that my Tunisian friend had in mind. The more clear-headed Algerian Nationalists are aware of the risks to which their acceptance of this aid exposes them, but feel that they have no choice.

"When you are fighting a life-or-

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death battle you take arms wherever you can get them," remarked Mohammed Yazid, the F.L.N. "minister" of information and one of the most pro-western Algerian leaders. "We are willing to co-operate with the West but we draw the line at treason—and it would be treason for a government which can obtain arms for its fighting forces not to do so."

The first formal contact between the F.L.N. and the Red Chinese government was established last December when a three-man exploratory mission visited China and was cordially welcomed by Mao Tse-tung. On March 25, 1959, a nine-man party including three high officers of the Algerian Army of National Liberation flew to Peking for six weeks of negotiation, study, and propaganda. The delegation was headed by "Secretary of State" Aomar Oussedik. The Algerians toured the country and everywhere were feted. A special "Algerian Week" was observed throughout China in honor of their visit. On the eve of his return to North Africa Oussedik delivered a speech of thanks, laced with characteristic Chinese propaganda clichés, over Radio Peking.

WHAT THE ALGERIANS obtained in return is a matter of controversy among western experts. The official French view is that they obtained nothing but promises. "Sheer F.L.N. intoxication-propaganda," is how one French spokesman dismissed rumors of substantial Chinese military assistance to the rebels. Other observers, however, tended to agree on the following points:

¶ Peking had made a substantial cash gift to the first F.L.N. delegation equal to the "voluntary" contributions made by the Chinese public.

¶ Peking granted, and the Algerians accepted, a sizable interest-free credit in convertible currencies —$10 million is the most frequently given estimate—which in theory is to be repaid when and if Algeria becomes independent. The fund is intended primarily for the purchase of military supplies abroad but may also be used if needed for administrative expenses and propaganda.

¶ In addition to the credit, the Chinese agreed to turn over to the Algerian fighting force—partly as a gift, partly on a lend-lease basis—practically unlimited quantities of arms and military equipment, including mortars, heavy machine guns, light anti-aircraft weapons, and possibly certain types of artillery,

such as mountain guns or recoilless 75's. Most of the arms are reliably reported to be American weapons captured by the Chinese in Korea. This will enable the F.L.N. to standardize its present heterogeneous equipment and will greatly facilitate the supply of munitions. The Chinese Army has also offered to train any desired number of Algerian fighters in the use of certain special weapons, and has made available to the F.L.N. its own vast experience in guerilla warfare. Several Algerian rebel officers are reported already to be training in China.

As part of the supply agreement, the Chinese have undertaken to deliver the shipments to any designated friendly port. This still leaves the F.L.N. to solve the difficult problem of getting the Chinese arms to its fighting units at their Tunisian and Moroccan bases, not to mention the even harder one of slipping them through the tight French blockade to the scattered guerilla groups inside Algeria. Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba is known to have raised vigorous objections to any substantial transit of Chinese arms through Tunisia. It is politically difficult for him, however, to do anything but look the other way if the F.L.N. is content to smuggle the arms into Tunisia in a discreet trickle under some kind of camouflage. Providing similar precautions are observed, it is even easier to run a modest supply line through Morocco, and triangular discussions of this question have already been held among Chinese diplomatic officers, F.L.N. leaders, and certain Moroccan elements sympathetic to the Algerian cause.

"The talk about Chinese 'volunteers,' helicopters, and secret airfields being prepared for Chinese Migs is not completely empty," one high Tunisian government official told me. "Even a few airplanes, perhaps a single one, would suffice to produce a tremendous psychological effect. Don't forget that throughout the Arab countries there is a kind of 'mystique of the Mig' and that this plane has been often proved Communism's best agent in the Middle East. I don't see too clearly where the Chinese or the Algerians could establish an airbase—I can assure you it won't be in this country—but I wouldn't rule out the possibility that they may eventually succeed in doing so."

'Don't Hesitate to Take Risks'

The danger is all the greater, the Tunisian official feels, because he believes there is a faction in the F.L.N. top leadership that considers the best hope for the Nationalist revolution is to focus U.N. or big-power attention on the conflict by creating an East-West "incident" over Algeria comparable to the Berlin issue. The Chinese—who may have some thoughts of forcing their way into an eventual summit conference via a major crisis in North Africa—have been encouraging the Algerians along this desperate path.

"The Algerian war cannot be won the way you are conducting it," Chou En-lai told a member of the F.L.N. delegation in Peking. "You must dramatize it more. We did not hesitate to take risks in this field. You should not either."

"The Russians cautioned us about harsh initiatives [in North Africa] which might create an explosive situation," the F.L.N. delegate reported on his return from Moscow and Peking. "The Chinese did not. . . . Undoubtedly the Chinese would be ready to consider the possibility of the extension of the conflict and its internationalization."

Both of these quotations are from a confidential F.L.N. memorandum.

Apart from any spectacular "internationalization" of the Algerian

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KHRUSHCHEV'S THIRD VISIT

When Mr. Khrushchev sets foot on American soil for the first time you will be two long steps ahead of him.

Thus far, you know more about him than he does about you. You have seen him in different moods and circumstances. You know how he walks and talks and laughs and looks. And on the basis of this eyewitness experience you have been able to form an impression of how he thinks.

Your first meeting with him was on the memorable interview in the Kremlin, broadcast on *Face The Nation* over the CBS Television Network on June 2, 1957.

The decision to present this broadcast was an important one for electronic journalism. For it was clearly predictable there would be people who would consider that Mr. Khrushchev's opportunity to face our nation was a propaganda victory for the Communist world. It was decided, nevertheless, that the American people, in Thomas Jefferson's words, could be "safely trusted to hear everything true and false and form a correct judgment."

It was an event that was acclaimed *almost* without exception as the most useful, enterprising and extraordinary achievement in the history of electronic journalism.

Your second searching look at Mr. Khrushchev occurred only last July when all the television networks brought you his rough and tumble tour of Moscow with Vice President Richard M. Nixon. Even though you might have read every word in your newspaper that passed between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Khrushchev —you could never have understood them so clearly as when you observed every gesture, expression and inflection of voice.

During the next two weeks you will have a third opportunity to penetrate the nature and personality of the leader of the Communist world.

As Mr. Khrushchev travels through our cities and towns and factories and farms, we hope he receives as clear and objective an impression of us as we will receive by reading our free newspapers and watching him on our free television screens.

Whatever comes of this historic visit, network television will provide the kind of information and understanding that can only result when people can see for themselves.

In addition to the daily on-the-scene reports carried on the network's regular news programs, the CBS Television Network will present a series of seven special news programs covering Mr. Khrushchev's visit.

Together with the coverage of the visits of the President to the heads of State in Europe, and his trip to the Soviet Union, this series can help you to become an eyewitness to history.

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

ues., Sept. 15, 7:30 pm EDT
Arrival at Washington airport; drive to Blair House.

Ved., Sept. 16, 8:00 pm EDT
Highlights of National Press Club press conference in Washington.

hurs., Sept. 17, 7:30 pm EDT
Activities in New York City. Address at the New York Economic Club luncheon.

lon., Sept. 21, 10:00 pm EDT
Highlights of appearance at the United Nations; on-the-scene reports of visit to Los Angeles and trip to San Francisco.

ues., Sept. 22, 7:30 pm EDT
Arrival in Des Moines, Iowa; visit to Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames.

Ved., Sept. 23, 8:00 pm EDT
Inspection of Roswell Garst farm in Coon Rapids, Iowa.

hurs., Sept. 24, 7:30 pm EDT
Highlights of visit to Pittsburgh; summary of entire U. S. tour.

The schedule above represents part of a series of 14 broadcasts sponsored by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, which began with the President's visits with the heads of State in Bonn, London and Paris and which will end with his projected trip to the Soviet Union.

CBS NEWS will be covering every step of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to this country and will report it fully on 35 regularly scheduled network news broadcasts in addition to the broadcasts listed above. The network will also break into its schedule with other special broadcasts whenever it is necessary to bring you immediate coverage of all important events.

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war, Chinese help to the F.L.N. already constitutes an effective intervention in the conflict, destined to have far-reaching political consequences throughout all of Africa. Morale is the life-blood of an insurrectionary movement like the Algerian one, and since General de Gaulle came to power in France, the morale of the F.L.N. has been battered by a series of French hammer-blows, both psychological and military. The accords with Communist China have given it a lift, which it badly needed. Moreover they have strengthened the hand of the most intransigent faction in the F.L.N.—the hardbitten guerilla veterans who, as one of them recently put it to a Tunisian acquaintance, look on the struggle with France as Algeria's "Hundred Years' War" and are fully prepared to go on fighting it for another ninety-five.

Wolves to the Slaughter

Does F.L.N. acceptance of Chinese help mean that the Algerian revolution will necessarily fall under Communist influence or control?

The short answer to this complex and crucial question is, no. Despite the attempts of French propaganda to smear the rebels with the Communist taint, the Algerian Nationalists have a more sophisticated awareness of Communist penetration techniques than most similar movements in the Arab world. The F.L.N. leaders also have a rugged self-confidence and a fanatical belief in their own cause that makes them for the time being at least relatively immune to any alien ideology. Their long-standing animosity toward the French Communist Party also helps.

"How do you prevent Communist agents from slipping into your movement and gradually gaining control of it?" I asked an F.L.N. spokesman.

"We shoot them on the spot," he replied quickly.

The answer was given of course, with full realization of its propaganda-value in the United States, but its spontaneity and the slightly wolfish grin that accompanied it carried conviction. It is well known that the F.L.N. maintains discipline by shooting—or more commonly cutting the throats—of every kind of deviationist or dissenter from the program of its leadership and by systematically murdering the followers of rival or independent nationalist movements.

Unfortunately the problem is too complicated to be solved with such dispatch. In the first place the F.L.N. seems to have agreed to two apparently innocent but far-reaching Chinese requests: to use its good offices in urging Tunisia to join Morocco in recognizing the Peking régime, and to supply the Chinese foreign office with regular "background"—i.e. political intelligence—on North Africa.

There is now a definite pro-Chinese faction in the F.L.N. leadership, though the degree and precise nature of its attachment is variously interpreted. There is also a tremendous admiration and sympathy for China among the younger rebels—as indeed there is among young North Africans generally, even in western-oriented Tunisia. For all their political sophistication, Algerian rebels tend to view the Chinese version of Communism as a very remote threat at most to their own interests.

In North African eyes the Chinese version of Communism is somehow "cleaner" than the Soviet one—more democratic and less subversive. "The Chinese are much less distrusted than the Soviets in North Africa, and despite Tibet, they have less to live down," a Tunisian cabinet minister explained to me. "That is why

in recent months the Chinese are being more and more pushed forward in the Middle East, in this region, and elsewhere in Africa."

Up to the present the Russians have apparently been content to let the Chinese play a star role in North Africa, where the Russians are anxious to avoid the appearance of attacking French interests. But it is quite possible that Moscow is already beginning to feel that the Chinese are entering into the part a little too enthusiastically; as time goes on the feeling can hardly fail to grow.

The real test of Sino-Soviet relations in this part of the world will come as the Chinese recruit undercover agents, organize espionage networks, subsidize extremist movements, and engage in other clandestine and subversive activities, which, as western experience in the Second World War demonstrated, can rarely be co-ordinated among allies without fricton.

So far the Chinese have behaved in most parts of Africa with what one U.S. diplomat wryly admitted was "impeccable propriety." Judging by what has happened in Burma, Thailand, and especially Laos, this is too good to last. On the basis of Swiss experience, where the Chinese likewise began by building up a reputation for diplomatic propriety, the Moroccan and other African countries that have recognized Peking may soon find that the personnel of the Chinese missions has exceeded the agreed ceiling by one hundred per cent or more and that—as a Swiss friend of mine remarked—"all those people are not there to lick stamps."

Some observers actually look forward to that day. "The Chinese are popular here in part because they seem remote and harmless," an American resident of Algeria explained. "The moment they interfere in the internal affairs of these people, violent reaction will set in."

Certain of the left-wing Moroccan and Algerian Nationalists who today sometimes sound almost like Chinese agents are likely to find themselves in the vanguard of this eventual anti-Peking reaction. But a great deal of damage may be done both to western and to African interests before it sets in.

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East Germany's War to the Death Between Church and State

GEORGE BAILEY

THE STRUGGLE between the German Evangelical church in East Germany and the East German Communist régime began the moment the Communists took over in 1946. At first, in the late 1940's and early 1950's, they attempted to nationalize East German Protestantism—it comprises about ninety per cent of the church-going population—by recruiting "active peace-pastors" and nominating a "people's bishop." The effort failed dismally (only one half of one per cent of the clergy joined) and was set aside though never entirely abandoned. The state then tried administrative intervention, a series of gradually tightening "legal" restrictions. These proved more effective. Traditionally, the German church derives its financial support from a "church tax" levied by the state. In East Germany, however, the tax right of the church, although established by the East German constitution, has been whittled down by a number of special legislative acts. As a result, financial support from taxes has been reduced over the last few years by more than half. And the church has been obliged to rely more and more on direct contributions from its congregations.

The lack of funds and the deprivation of the means of obtaining funds is felt very acutely in the maintenance of church property and buildings. Even when funds are available it is usually impossible to acquire the necessary building materials or the labor—both are jealously guarded in a totally nationalized economy. The Bishop of Saxony described the state of repair of many of the church buildings in his diocese as "catastrophic"—fifty of them recently had to be closed. In the new socialist cities in East Germany such as Stalinstadt, city planning contains no provisions for any churches at all.

Another, and far more damaging device employed by the state against the church concerns the recruitment of the clergy. This is discouraged by increasing the incentives for scientific and other nonreligious studies and by placing obstacles in the path of theological students. The few who persevere and who complete their theological studies are forced to take an unqualified oath that they will support the socialist state. To by-pass this dilemma, the church tried sending its candidates for the ministry to West Berlin and West Germany. The state countered by refusing them a re-entry permit to East Germany upon completion of their studies.

Also, the state has been able to insert its own men into the various theological faculties. The end result is that the succession of new ministers has been reduced to a trickle. At present, of the 1,740 living in Saxony, only 1,093—hardly more than sixty per cent—are occupied. The figures are typical of the other provinces of East Germany.

The Arithmetic of Terror

The use of outright terror—the prosecution of ministers and church workers by the state—is common but has varied greatly, more or less in keeping with the political weather in Moscow. The highpoint came just before Stalin's death in 1953, when seventy-two churchmen were in prison serving sentences ranging from six months to twelve years. In January, 1957, the number had fallen to seven. By May 1 of this year it had risen to twenty. The charges brought against the ministers can be lumped under the heading of "activities inimical to the state." They include such offenses as "the distribution of inflammatory publications." In one case a number of sermons and circulars by Bishop Otto Dibelius, the chairman of the Evangelical Council, were found in the study of an East German minister. The minister was sentenced to eight years imprisonment. Another clergyman was sentenced to ten months when "medicaments of western origin" were found in his possession.

Ulbricht's Commandments

The nerve center of the issue between church and state in East Germany is the education of the youth. Although freedom of belief is guaranteed in the East German constitution and Article 44 proclaims that "the right of the church to impart religious instruction in schoolrooms is guaranteed," the state has gradually barred religious instruction from school precincts and now, in effect, prohibits the teaching of youth by the church in any circumstances. Paragraph 3 of the regulation issued by the ministry of education in 1958 stipulates that "all persons who instruct or teach students outside the school or otherwise outside the school curriculum . . . must adopt a positive attitude in their conduct toward the State of Workers and Peasants. Concerning the admissibility of these persons . . . the director of the school alone decides."

The state's control over general education is made clear in the directive for the school year 1957-58: "The improvement of work in institutions of general education . . . presupposes the training . . . of teachers who are themselves imbued with the socialist idea and are in a position to impart to the youth of the nation a scientific-atheistic perspective . . ."

In East Germany Communism is in a great hurry. This is the only Communist state in existence to offer a socialist ritual to counter the appeal of a church ritual. There is an atheistic-socialist celebration of name-giving (in place of baptism), a socialist consecration of youth—*Jugendweihe* (in place of confirmation), a socialist marriage ceremony, and a socialist burial service (the state provides secular burial speakers). The apogee of this movement was reached at the Fifth Party Congress of the SED, when Walter Ulbricht produced his "ten socialist commandments." Here are samples:

2. Thou shalt love thy fatherland and always be ready to commit thy whole strength and ability to the defense of the workers' and peasants' power.

5. Thou shalt in the construction

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of socialism conduct thyself in the spirit of mutual assistance and comradely co-operation, honor the collective and take its criticism to heart.

6. Thou shalt protect and augment the people's property.

The speaker who followed Ulbricht characterized the first secretary as "the Moses of the socialist future."

Of the four socialist pseudo-sacraments, the most important for both church and state is the *Jugendweihe*—the consecration of youth. The ritual was introduced into German life about a hundred years ago by the free thinkers and "free religious communities" specifically as a substitute for confirmation. When the East German Communists reintroduced it in 1954, they insisted, in answer to immediate protests from the church, that there was no conflict between the pseudo-sacrament and confirmation. This was a neat tactical maneuver, since it placed the burden of rejection on the church: the church has always refused to confirm any youngster who has previously participated in the *Jugendweihe*.

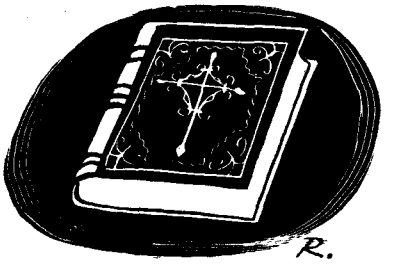
In 1958 the state opened an all-out official drive to promote the *Jugendweihe*. The entire government propaganda apparatus was committed to the action, the ministry of education included. Parents were informed that their children would not be admitted to institutions of higher education without benefit of the *Jugendweihe*. Every form of academic preferment is reserved for students who participate in the *Jugendweihe*. The *Jugendweihe* has, in fact, become the state's main lever in prying youth away from the church.

Flight to the West

With the *Jugendweihe* the state pursues a double purpose: primarily the act is a solemn vow to serve the state. The text of the vow is short and simple; one passage professes readiness to secure and defend peace in concert with the Soviet people and all freedom-loving men. However, the vow is preceded by ten hours of preparatory instruction. It is here that a distillation of atheistic-socialist indoctrination is administered to the candidates. And it is specifically to this instruction period that the church takes exception.

The systematic suppression of the church by the East Zone government is characterized by the application of a device known as "the double provocation." By means of administrative intervention, the state forces the church into a defensive action which the state then prosecutes either as a criminal offense or a political crime against the state. By gradually blocking the church from public and private life in East Germany, the state has gradually forced it to associate and identify itself more and more with West Germany. The agonized cry of the clergy in East Germany is often heard: "We are foreigners in our own country!"

Ever since the German church signed a contract with the Federal Republic providing chaplains for the armed services in 1958, it has been branded unceasingly by the



East German government as the NATO church with the NATO synod and NATO bishops. Its ministers are formally charged with spying, agitating, and suborning for NATO. The church's offer to provide chaplains for the East German armed forces as well was rejected with towering indignation. East German minister of defense, Willi Stopf, replied that as far as he knew "no member of the National People's Army has expressed the need for spiritual attendance by a military chaplain."

Similarly, the church has been systematically excluded from prisons (as of 1953), from hospitals (as of 1956), from kindergartens, and from old people's homes. Its travelers' aid missions in railroad stations have long since been closed.

By far the most painful aspect of the struggle—for the church—is that more than two hundred East German clergymen have fled to West Germany in the last ten years. They cannot be replaced. The church has thus been forced to take disciplinary action against all ministers who flee without express permission from their bishops or responsible church councils. According to the Hamburg Lutheran Information Paper dated January 22, 1959, one hundred and twenty-five of the two hundred refugee clergymen have been given churches in the West. The remaining seventy-five live in poverty, having lost their homes and possessions, and some have even been forbidden to serve as ministers. As painful as the church's disciplinary action has been, it has produced results: there have been only four cases of refugee ministers in the past two years.

But the results have not removed the dilemma. Prosecution is a poor antidote for persecution. The prospect of West German ecclesiastical authorities sitting in judgment of their harassed Eastern brethern is agonizing for both parties and still poses the most awkward moral problem the church as a whole has to face.

The Link and the Symbol

It has been clear from the first that the main object of the East German Communists is to split the church, sever all ties between the two halves, and convert the Eastern half to a docile domestic organization. The East German Communists propose to achieve the split by destroying the physical unity—particularly the administrative unity—of the church. Their success or failure will depend in no small measure on the status of Berlin.

Of the twenty-eight diocese which constitute the German Evangelical Church, eight are in East Germany. The single physical link which binds the two parts together is Berlin. Administratively, the link is composed of the diocese of Berlin-Brandenburg under Bishop Otto Dibelius. Two thirds of the diocese are in East Berlin and the neighboring territory of East Germany; the remaining third is in West Berlin. Dibelius, whose residence is in West Berlin, has his own church, the Marienkirche, in East Berlin and regularly preaches there—despite various attempts by the East Zone authorities to intimidate him. Prevented from visiting that part of his diocese which lies in East Germany, Dibelius still en-

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joys freedom of movement in East Berlin by virtue of the four-power status of the city, and members of his congregations in the zone come to Berlin to visit him.

Since the East German régime has for the last two years refused clergymen permission to travel to and from the Soviet zone, the church has held its synods in Berlin as the only place where members from both East and West may meet. Berlin has also become the clearinghouse and center of activities of the Protestant Church as a whole, where members from all over Germany meet and confer daily. Berlin also serves as the funnel for the considerable contributions pouring into East Germany from the congregation in the West.

AT SEVENTY-NINE, Dibelius is the titular and actual head of the German Evangelical Church. He has become the living symbol of German church unity and, consequently, the main butt of Communist attacks against the church—"the arch NATO-bishop." A tiny man with an indomitable spirit, he has been called "a figurine with a lion's heart."

Dibelius is deeply and frankly concerned over the fate of Berlin. He has one main immediate concern: "If," he said to me, "the Soviet Union signs a separate peace treaty with East Germany and the sector boundary between East and West Berlin becomes a state boundary, contact with our people in the East will be lost. We will not be able to help them. The church will be split." If that happens, the church in East Germany will not have a chance—either as an administrative, integral unit of the German Evangelical Church or as a separate ecclesiastical entity. Meanwhile, Dibelius continues to fight and confidently expects the church to emerge from the struggle stronger than before. He emphasizes that the power and influence of the church rests entirely on a "community of belief." "The church compels no one, nor does it allow itself to be compelled by anyone." One of Dibelius's colleagues in Berlin put it this way: "We have an all-important advantage in this fight: the church knows what Communism does not know or cannot afford to learn—that belief cannot be forced."

Patching the Roof At Clinton High

DAVID HALBERSTAM

TIME HAS been kinder to Clinton, Tennessee, than it has to John Kasper, the professional roving racist who started all the trouble in Clinton. It is now three years since Kasper opened his campaign against school integration before the Anderson county courthouse with promises of statues for those who rallied to his banner, a booming white-supremacy tourist business for the merchants of Clinton, and a free Jeffersonian university to commemorate the fight. The closest thing to a monument of the 1956 riots (referred to in Clinton now as "all that" or "back then") is the hole in the top of the high school which the citizens of Clinton have been patching up so that their children, both white and colored, may once again attend a local high school this month.

Kasper himself is in the Federal penitentiary in Tallahassee for the second time. Last month he made news twice: first when a Negro prisoner punched him in the nose, then again when other Negro prisoners took up a collection for his assailant. It was hard to realize that three years ago he was anything but a joke.

But everyone makes fun of him now. Just before he went to jail, he came back to Nashville, scene of some of his past triumphs, to run a mayoralty slate. The high spot of his campaign came when he was invited to be the principal speaker at a midnight rally in a men's dormitory at Vanderbilt University, where the undergraduates, shirt-sleeved and beery, had invited him out for the specific purpose of throwing him in the lake. Kasper, looking thinner than ever, his eyes more tired than hypnotic, talked listlessly for more than an hour, his voice often trailing off and never showing any emphasis. He seems to have been through his arguments (briefly, the Negro-Jewish-Communist conspiracy) so often that he himself has lost interest in them. Only when the crowd heckled did the program have any life to it. Finally a graduate student, referring to a custom of dunking engaged students in the lake, stood up and said: "John's just gotten engaged." From the back came a voice: "White girl, John?" With that a dean walked in and broke up the meeting. Kasper sneaked out the back way.

And yet Vanderbilt was apparently the only place Kasper could draw a crowd. For two days later his giant pre-election rally at the courthouse turned out to be an intimate gathering of sixteen, including three Vanderbilt students, four newsmen (there because of a rumor that a Jewish fraternity would throw eggs), and nine assorted citizens. The crowd swelled to seventeen briefly when a Negro named Gestor Berry suffered a flat tire right in front of Kasper. Berry, mumbling unhappily, fixed the tire and retired from the political scene. Kasper's slate got less than five per cent of the vote.

'Kasper's Bored With Kasper'

The long and short of it seems to be that Kasper has run into some good old-fashioned American apathy. It's not that people in Nashville have changed their feelings about integration; it's just that they've tired of it. Two years ago they talked of nothing but integration, read about nothing but integration, worried about nothing but integration. "But now," said one reporter, "they're bored with it. Two years ago Kasper was a big name, a mystery man, and they put a lot of effort into seeing him. The trouble was that he had no other issue, nothing else to offer them. All he could say was nigger and Jew. Now they're bored with Kasper. And you know, I think Kasper's bored with Kasper."

In Clinton, too, hatred has not proved to be a very durable political force. It is nearly a year since, as one local resident put it, "they blew our school from hell to the Clinch

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river and back." The initial shock of the bombing has worn off; the teams of FBI men trying unsuccessfully to look inconspicuous in their blue and gray suits have gone away; the people are concerned with violence of a more familiar nature, violence in the coal fields; and only the constant din of school construction and the increased tax rate offer tangible reminders of the bombing of October, 1958, and the riots of August, 1956.

Three years ago when desegregated classes began in Clinton High, it was impossible to be indifferent to the problem. On one hand were the Kasperites, mostly from rural areas and mostly unemployed; on the other hand were the local leaders who, because of their positions rather than their ideologies, had to defend the integrated school. In the middle was a vast silent group of Clinton residents who were not Kasperites but who were not willing to be taunted by Kasper's group. The result was a divided town, its streets and its people marked by suspicion and hatred.

One of the prime objects of hatred in those days was Buford Lewallen, attorney for the school board and son of the then mayor. He was harassed and threatened over the phone; his wife, a school teacher, was pushed around at school; and a cross was burned in his yard. "Kasper's shattered my life," he told me then. "You start up the street and you don't know if you'll get there or not. He's thrown this whole town off its center."

Lewallen is heavier now, and he has retired from his job as school-board attorney to his own law practice. "I guess you could say the Lewallens have come back," he said, "if we were ever away. For one thing those Kasper people went away. For a while it was big for them, they belonged, and they were running things, and they were important. Then it just died. Kasper left and they disappeared—I hate to be brutal—but they went back under the rocks or wherever they came from. You know, you never see people like that unless there's trouble. You know how they were on me, just standing up there and hating me as hard as they could in those days. Well, of those fifteen that were tried in Knoxville afterwards, six came by to see me as their lawyer when they got in trouble. That's how much we're back to normal—get 'em in trouble for violation of the age of consent and they'll go find 'em whatever lawyer they think can do it.

"And my father, you know how much trouble they gave him when he was mayor. Well, the other day three of them, maybe not Kasper's top men, but sure-enough fellow travelers, went down to Dad and tried to get him to run for mayor again." Lewallen paused as he tried to recreate the earlier days. "It was a funny thing all that trouble. Some of these things that seemed so rough then that you tried to wish them away, they don't seem so bad afterwards. Like a lot of the people who stood up then. A lot of them turned out to be better men than they ever thought they were. They didn't think about it like that at the time, but it's there now. And those other people, the ones who were with Kasper, why they realize now that they were taken." What about the ones in the middle ground? "They're like the rest of us, glad it's over," he said. "Let's leave it at that."

Down the street from Lewallen is the office of Horace Wells, editor of the weekly *Courier-News*, who spoke up for obedience to the law of the land during the crisis of 1956. At the height of the troubles the segregationists started their own newspaper, the *East Tennessee Reporter*. They had their own building, their own presses, and their own editor. They told Wells they would put him out of business. "They thought," he recalled, "all you had to do to put out a paper was to be for segregation." His circulation is back to normal again. Wells feels that a big change in the town's attitude became apparent last fall. "Right after the bombing we had a P.T.A. program to look over the damage, and the Negro parents were there. It was the usual program, refreshments and all, and after the meeting everyone toured the building. No one complained about the Negroes."

Clinton has come a long way since the time, three years ago, when one of the school-board members told me: "We're everybody's test tube." The experiment is by no means all over. But Clinton is perhaps the first town in the South to have completed in large measure one cycle in the painful process of desegregation: legal proceedings by the Negroes, announced integration, riots, prosecution of the rioters, and the orderly desegregation of the schools. If the news from Clinton was significant three years ago, then the lack of news is no less significant now, and the significance became even more pointed when Little Rock reopened its desegregated public schools last month.

The Greater Threat

In Little Rock, as in Clinton, the final conflict was between two white groups, both really segregationist at heart. In both cases, the final impetus for token integration came not from a liberal group, not even from an especially socially-conscious group, but from the successful white businessmen who form the backbone of American conservatism. "It's the poor folks against the rich folks and the rich folks have laid down the law," a Negro doctor told reporter Carl Rowan.

Two days before the opening, Amis Guthridge, head of the Citizens Council, retaliated as best he could by announcing a full-scale boycott—not against the Negroes but against the entire business district. The chamber of commerce, said the segregationist, was full of integrators, traitors, and radicals.

They are wrong about that, of course. The white leaders of the South have never wavered in their determination to defend what they call the Southern way of life against any radical change. Three years ago in Clinton it was a handful of Negro school children that represented radical change. But then a new and even greater threat appeared, and men like Buford Lewallen had no choice but to forget their upbringing and defend their schools. One day in the fall of 1956 the Reverend Paul Turner, a preacher in a conservative Baptist church who had previously taken no public stand on Clinton's problems, escorted some Negro children to school in Clinton. The day he took the Negroes to class he was still representing a conservative church, but he was representing it against a threat to the community's very foundation.

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The Santiago Conference: A Prize for Patience

GLADYS DELMAS

THE FIFTH Consultative Conference of Foreign Ministers of the Organization of American States held recently in Santiago, Chile, was the first such conference to discuss internal hemisphere matters—in this case, tension in the Caribbean. Previous conferences had dealt with questions of defense growing out of the Second World War and the war in Korea. More importantly, this was also the first conference *not* to be called on the initiative of the United States. It was a Latin American idea. The United States did not oppose it—but it was realized that some risks were involved.

These were made abundantly evident even before the conference assembled. The Chilean Left blocked the government suggestion that the meetings be held in the congress building. The Chilean Left takes the view that the Organization of American States is simply an instrument with which the United States implements its "imperialist" policy in Latin America. There was also the feeling that the Chilean congress, symbol of the very real democracy existing in that country, should not be defiled by the presence of representatives of the surviving American dictatorships.

The day before the conference opened, a mass meeting had been called in Santiago by the labor unions and the Left "in support of the Cuban and Venezuelan resolutions" with the evident purpose of impressing the assembling foreign ministers. Fidel Castro had promised to come and harangue the multitude. When the appointed day arrived, it began to rain—and in any case Fidel Castro was detained in Cuba by a counter-revolution.

Another absence removed a further danger. Mr. Spruille Braden, who was due in Santiago on personal business but whose politics are anathema to many Chilean and Argentine "anti-imperialists," decided to stop off in Antofagasta to visit a copper mine. The prospects for the Santiago conference seemed to be improving.

Scylla and Charybdis

The big problem at Santiago was to avoid any appearance of underwriting the Caribbean dictatorships by overstressing the principle of nonintervention in which they drape themselves, while at the same time withholding from Cuba the blank check for its various "liberating" expeditions which too strong a reaffirmation of the rights of man might seem to grant. The conference solved the riddle by reaffirming both principles so strongly that no one could take aid and comfort therein for predatory acts either at home or abroad.

This Solomonic solution is all the more welcome since the effervescence

caused by the Cuban revolution has spread throughout the continent. Other dictators have fallen, in Argentina, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, but the governments which have replaced them have not aroused anything like the romantic enthusiasm engendered by Fidel Castro. Castro's call, at the Buenos Aires conference in April, for $30 billion in American aid has echoed round the hemisphere. The inexhaustible floods of oratory, irreverent, cocky, and colloquial; the example of youth defying established powers within and without the state —all this has had an enthusiastic reception among the Latin American multitudes.

The danger at the conference was that the meetings might become a sounding board for this effervescence, that the United States might find itself on trial in the Caribbean, charged with refusing to share its wealth and prosperity—a "festering sore of inequality in the hemisphere" as some Latin Americans put it—and with raising the Communist bogey because the property of U.S. citizens was being threatened: Guatemala all over again. That this did not happen, that remarkably little anti-Americanism was heard at the conference, is in itself a triumph for our diplomacy.

The U.S. representatives presented no resolutions themselves, they never seemed to be directing affairs—such indirect guidance as there undoubtedly was, was handled with such discretion that it never became apparent. This was a Latin American meeting, with the United States ostensibly on the sidelines. Yet Secretary of State Herter saw each of his twenty colleagues individually, and the fact that within a few months of taking office he has thus become personally acquainted with those who have hitherto felt themselves to be forgotten men undoubtedly augurs well for the future of inter-American affairs. An important Chilean weekly, distributing prizes at the end of the conference gave the one for patience to Mr. Herter.

BEHIND the flights of rhetoric and the soaring hyperboles there was some mature thinking at Santiago. The ministers maintained that the law is the same for all, which underlined the incongruities of Cuba's position: Cuba was calling for action—expulsion or a *cordon sanitaire*—against dictatorial states in the name of the rights of man, while at the same time denying anyone the right to investigate the "piratical" expeditions which have admittedly left her shores, or to question the revolutionary government's own particular definition of democracy.

After two days of this, Chilean headlines proclaimed "CUBA STANDS ALONE"—a slight exaggeration no doubt, but essentially true. The dramatic incidents of the conference: the exchange of insults between the Cuban and Dominican ministers, Cuba's sensational announcement that the Dominicans were threaten-

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ing assassination, and above all the unannounced arrival on Chilean soil of a Cuban military plane, full of tourists in uniform, bearing arms but no passports—all this served further to weaken the Cuban position. In a continent where decorum is so highly valued, their attitude could only be deplored. As a result the Cuban fires were successfully dampened without any overt action on the part of the United States.

This is not to say that Latin America ganged up on Cuba. The pressure was infinitely more subtle. In the final session of the conference, sitting in committee to discuss the various resolutions, the Brazilian minister suggested the elimination from the "Declaration of Santiago" of the phrase condemning governments which hold power for an indefinite period without calling elections. He felt such condemnation might bother the revolutionary government of Cuba. But the Cuban minister, Raul Roa, replied at once that his government intended to hold a referendum within six months to find out whether the people of Cuba really desired elections. Therefore Cuba required no concessions.

Resolutions and Rebuffs

The most important "paper" result of the conference is generally conceded to be the amplification of the powers of the Inter-American Peace Commission, in particular its newly conceded right to "investigate" irregular situations "on its own initiative," although with the stipulation that such investigation cannot take place *within* a given country without that country's permission. This falls short of the Committee of Vigilance suggested informally by Secretary Herter, but it goes beyond rigid adherence to the principle of nonintervention.

However, the conference had been closed but a few hours when Raul Castro flew into Santiago and held a press conference. His tempestuous arrival had been delayed not only by counter-revolution but by mechanical and technical difficulties, especially the chronic Cuban disregard for travel documents and what appears now to be a Cuban custom of traveling with a small arsenal in one's luggage. In the middle of the press conference, Foreign Minister Raul Roa, prompted perhaps by recently received instructions, said his government did not agree with the new interpretation of the powers of the Inter-American Conference. No one could talk about Cuban affairs without Cuba's consent. On returning to Buenos Aires, the dignified Argentine foreign minister said substantially the same thing. The tempering effects of the conference atmosphere may thus prove somewhat ephemeral.

The resolution concerned with "economic underdevelopment and the preservation of democracy," whose apparent exclusion from the agenda had aroused so much preconference ire on the part of Cuba and even of the Chilean Left, turned out to be a mild exhortation in favor of "economic co-operation." This is a far cry from the reiterated demand for $30 billion in "public funds"—i.e. government to government loans to be employed at the discretion of the borrower—on which Cuba had seemed prepared to insist.

However, no one has proclaimed the success of the conference more loudly than the Cubans themselves. Roa, and Raul Castro, on their homeward jaunt around the southern continent, have been fervent in their praises. This is, of course, the most effective way to take the sting out of such rebuffs as they received; it is also a measure of the lessons in international comity they apparently learned.

The sobering of Cuba, in this meeting at least, has an inevitable corollary which is less satisfying. Trujillo and the other dictators came out less scathed than might have been expected. Even the Cubans, who at the beginning of the conference felt that the principle of human rights authorized certain measures against dictators, were stating publicly when it was over that the exercise of democracy in "Santo Domingo" was entirely the affair of Dominicans. It was pleasant to hear them echoing so bravely the sentiments of Mr. Herter: "democracy cannot be imposed by force from without."

WHILE the Santiago conference thus displayed a heartening moderation it would nevertheless be premature to say that the hemisphere has thereby come of age. With the exception of the representatives of Bolivia and Haiti, all the foreign ministers at Santiago belonged to the white race. In a region where the black and the red are so numerically important, at a conference devoted to the praise of democracy and the reaffirmation of the rights of man, this simple fact was somewhat disturbing.

One of the chilliest moments of the conference came when the Bolivian minister, Victor Andrade, started quoting statistics of illiteracy. Politely he started with his own. 1.8 million illiterate adults out of a total of three million; Brazil: 16.7 million out of a total of 30.4 million; in Guatemala the percentage soars to seventy-five per cent. This is the "reality" of the continent, he said; our theoretical discussions of democracy must take these figures into account.

And indeed they must. The political maturity evidenced at Santiago and the distinction and polish of most of the proceedings should not blind us to the fact that in some of these countries, "democratic" governments are but a thin modern veneer over an essentially feudal situation. One might even say—to use a favorite word in these parts—an "imperialist" situation: the internal imperialism of the white race.

AT SANTIAGO the irresponsibility of the Cubans was made evident to the whole continent, and our reticent attitude toward them was apparently justified. But the tremendous resonance of their revolutionary ideals is not solely the work of Communists. Nor, on the other hand, is the solution to the problem solely a matter of U.S. dollar aid. A government with all the outward trappings of democracy can be as oppressive of illiterate masses as any tyranny, and has little in common with our own conception of democracy. If we can make this point as effectively and diplomatically as we made our point about the Caribbean situation at Santiago, then indeed we can look forward to a new era of understanding with the peoples of Latin America, many of whom are at present too much inclined to equate our form of democracy with the version they see at home.

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A REPORTER ESSAY

Facts and Fictions of U.S. Capitalism

DAVID T. BAZELON

We seem, as a nation, to be committed equally to increasing production and deceiving ourselves about our productive system. The realities of the American economy are massive and dominant in our way of life; and they are extraordinarily dynamic and original in their evolving nature. But the rhetoric we employ to describe this core activity of ours is overwhelmingly obscurantist: reality and image are hardly within hailing distance. To put it simply, we suffer from an astonishing amount of downright mythical thinking about money and property and basic economic organization. While we all know that America manufactures as much as all the rest of the world, the words, images, and ideological structures we use to represent to ourselves what we are and what we do tend to be a quarter, a half, or even a full century old. Old, irrelevant, and misleading.

This stricture applies to liberals and socialists as well as to N.A.M. publicists and their businessmen backers. Indeed, to be fair, one should credit many of the centrally placed executives and managers with a distinctly superior though unshared comprehension of our economic system. As for the rest of us, we seem to have been too busy enjoying its beneficence to have bothered to examine its realities. It is about time we began.

The falsification of economic reality, buttressed by the laziness (or something) of the educated, is becoming a highly organized, even essential instrument of policy—and that is always dangerous, politically, morally, and intellectualy. To obscure, as a matter of policy, the existence and nature of the dominant power in a society is to undermine the basic creative sources of social life. This falsification presents America in the classic image of free enterprise and private-property capitalism; its consequence is to conceal the incontestable fact that we are dominated by great faceless corporations "owned" by no one and run by self-designated "managers."

There is a great deal of talk on Madison Avenue these days about the "corporate image," which means giving a humanized face to these impersonal structures. And the New York Stock Exchange publicists are pushing hard the idea of a "People's Capitalism," which has as much to do with capitalism proper as "People's Democracy" has to do with democracy proper. The purpose of these maneuvers is to plug some of the more gaping holes in the traditional web of justifications which, before the New Deal, was deemed sufficient in itself.

What is being simultaneously justified and obscured is the revolutionary emergence of a new American property system—and the fact that the men in control of it, the managers, occupy unexampled positions of power and privilege which are not based on entrepreneurial accumulation or private ownership, to which they were "elected" only by their peers, and for which they have been answerable only to history.

The managers of corporate industrial wealth and the big-money funds—along with their expert advisers—are the ones who are creating the new system; they run it, and they also best understand it. They know everything worth knowing in a practical way about money, property, and basic economic organization—because that's what they manage. They milk the pre-tax dollar and thread their way through government regulation on behalf of all sizable funds or forms of wealth. They are personally intimate with the intricacies of the fragmentation of property ownership and the alienation of capital because their very existence derives from those crucial changes in our property system.

What are some of the things the managers "know" that the rest have not gotten around to learning? We had better—because of their elaborate nature—avoid the subjects of the tax-torn dollar and other government regulation. But we might take a straight look at property as such. And here the invitation to understanding reads: *Nothing is very private in a mass society, including property.*

Advanced or even adequate thinking about property by the people who manage it requires what might be called a nonpossessory or non-owning frame of mind. As any good

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manager knows, ownership is irrelevant—the main thing is control. And frequently control is created or ensured by means of *giving up* ownership or by having certain others own the property. Management control of big corporations, for instance, is based on a dispersal of stock ownership among as large a public as possible: AT&T has 1,600,000 stockholders, no one of whom owns more than one-thirtieth of one per cent. The Ford family retained control over Henry Ford's creation only by giving its stock in the company to a foundation; if it had held on to ownership, it would have lost control. Sears, Roebuck is controlled by company stock held in the company's pension trust: here the management consolidated its position by "giving away" huge sums of money. Managers manage, they don't own.

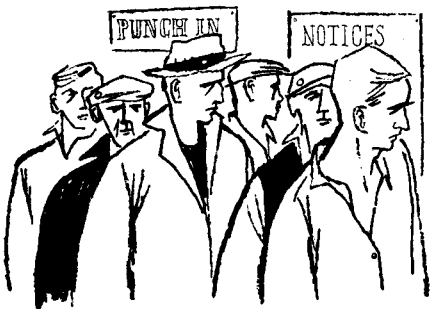
Whose House Is It?

In a modern law school, some of the best all-round fun is had in arriving at a definition of property. The faculty considers it a first essential for the development of legal technique to tease the apprentice lawyers out of their ordinary received notions.

First off, the basic image of property—land and things—is poohpoohed; then the search for a definition is carried through contract rights, choses in action (unrealized rights, including claims in court), and other intangibles. The class then thinks it has the answer: property is rights—called property rights or, in the short form, property. This is the point at which the modern professor enjoys himself most, and to confound the class completely he pulls out a case in which a property right is recognized and enforced by a court for the first time—a good one is the early radio broadcasting case in which a court first held that the right to broadcast a description of a baseball game "belonged" to the baseball club, could be disposed of by it, and could not be pirated by a party lacking contractual privilege from the "owner." Then the *coup de grâce*: Did the court enforce the club owner's right because it was a property right, or was it a property right because the court enforced it? A smile settles on the professor's face, and the pot of gold is indicated: property is a right of use or disposition which will be enforced by a court. On that day we are men; and the legal elite is then prepared to go out, tautology in hand, and grow rich defending and creating such rights.

But a whisper of doubt remains as older tautologies assert themselves: land is land, to own is to own, and all property, like land, is supposed to be owned. Yes, but less frequently nowadays by any one person. Take land, for example: the bank holds a first mortgage on the suburban home, the contractor has a material man's lien, various governmental authorities hold tax liens, the niece of the guy who sold it to you is suing you because her uncle didn't have the right to convey it, and you hocked your equity in order to post bond for your brother-in-law. Who owns the house? Why everybody who has an enforceable right to its use or disposition; and all the possible rights in and to the home, the whole bundle, add up to *the* ownership of it. In our crowded, mobile society there has occurred a very extensive fragmentation of property ownership.

Some things are too big to own. If the suburban home is too much for me, and a car is too much for an industrial worker, then General Motors is too much for a du Pont, and Standard Oil of New Jersey is too much for a Rockefeller. The use of the word "ownership" in referring to an agglomeration of industrial capacity like General Motors is, to put it kindly, overripe. And the simple designation of our system as one based on "private" property is not merely overripe, it is a calculated deceit. The managers know that the ownership of General Motors is irrelevant, but their spokesmen spend millions attempting to convince us that General Motors—and all publicly held American corporations—are owned by, you guessed it, the people-public. When they say "owned," they mean for us to "feel" the word in the utterly primitive sense. As Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange remarked to a group of advertising men, this "is a very humanizing bit of news."



One can face the question "Who owns General Motors?" if one will face the answer—"Nobody." But that is inconceivable, you say. Our training in property thinking (or lack of it) induces a certain horror in contemplating anything so big and so valuable walking around unowned! We abhor the vacuum of nonownership. But how *could* GM be "owned"? The total assets of this corporation amount to nearly $7 billion and the market value of its common stock is in excess of $13 billion. There are more than 750,000 stockholders. A control block of stock, usually put at between twenty and fifty-one per cent, affords a means of translating ownership into control; but this is a feature of the aggregate, not of individual shares—and the courts so recognize it. When du Pont disposes of the major part of its holdings in the company, there will not be anything like a control block in the GM situation.

The Mite of Ownership

The notion that GM (or any one of the great majority of our public corporations) is "owned" proceeds from the time-honored assumption that to own stock is to own the corporation. If we examine this old-fashioned "self-evident" truth empirically, we note that what the public stockholder actually has is three double-edged rights: (1) he can sell his stock at a profit or at a loss; (2) he can receive or fail to receive a variable dividend; and (3) he can vote "Yes" or "No" on certain issues affecting control of the corporation and the disposition of its properties. The first two items indicate that he owns a negotiable instrument of a certain character – consisting of an "iffy" return on capital and a lottery ticket on market appreciation. Let us look more closely at the third item, the only one of the three that even looks like ownership of the corporation itself. What does the stockholder's vote mean? To skip over several

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stages of a dull argument, it means that the voter can effect changes of control over "his" property, the corporation, or it means approximately nothing. Can he do this? The answer is "No," not unless an ambitious, well-heeled syndicate mounts a campaign to do so, and thus gives *him* the opportunity to support *them*. This does not happen at all often.

A mite of ownership, indeed. Especially when one considers that the essential difference between the incumbent and contending control groups is apt to be that the one has been at that particular trough for a period of time and the other has not. Moreover, in the absence of blatant mismanagement or special business reverses, it is next to impossible to unseat an in-group that is on the alert and well advised by experts. Unlike a campaign for political office, the "ins" have at their disposal not only the corporate patronage but also the corporate treasury; and the voting apathy of the citizen is a form of frenzied activity compared to that of the lottery-ticket holder. As a recent writer so felicitously put it, "The modern proxy contest is at best a device for tempering autocracy by invasion." Following the New York Central and Montgomery Ward fights, in theory the SEC put the final kibosh on the matter by promulgating proxy-fight regulations which ensure that only nice people fighting a good clean fight may now do battle in the arena of what is charmingly called "corporate democracy."

The fundamental meaning of private property is private control over the property one owns, and all the stockholder owns is a share of stock. The corporation is not private property—only the share of stock is.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS after the publication of A. A. Berle and Gardiner C. Means's *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, the crucial lessons of that landmark work have not been generally assimilated even among the educated. The processes there described have in the meantime undergone an extensive development. These were adumbrated by Mr. Berle in a brilliant little essay written for the Fund for the Republic a couple of years ago, in which he states flatly that the American corporate system now rep-

resents "the highest concentration of economic power in recorded history." The ever-present factual ground of his thinking, which simply cannot be repeated often enough, is that 150 corporations hold sway over fifty per cent of American manufacturing, based on asset values. On the same basis, "about two-thirds of the economically productive assets of the United States, excluding agriculture, are owned by a group of not more than 500 corporations."

The liberal view since the Progressive era has been that big corporations mean big capitalists. The point that has to be gotten into the liberal skull is that the manager is not a capitalist at all: he is a new fish.

The day of classic capitalism based on private property is gone. This is not a matter of ideology, it is a simple question of observable fact.

Pieces of Paper

In comprehending the demise of the private-property system, it may be helpful to think of property as being of two kinds—"thing-property" and "rights-property." The former would be the plants, machines, railroads, buildings, etc., most of which are organized in great corporate units. The latter would be pieces of paper, like stock certificates and bonds, representing certain direct entitlements relating to such property. Now we have to complicate the picture a little by indicating a third, hybrid form of property—liquid capital organized in huge blocks, mediating between corporate thing-property and personal rights-property. An example would be the $13 billion or so in mutual funds (growing at the rate of $100 million a month). The point here is that a mutual fund would be capable of exercising ownership control over thing-property, but no one could exercise ownership control over a big mutual fund. The same would hold true of many banks, insurance companies, and pension trusts.

Now, as a consequence of the dispersion decreed by the estate and income tax laws, and the raw fact that corporations and big-money funds get bigger and bigger, there is observable *an increasing fragmentation of rights-property and an increasing concentration and accumulation of thing-property (and hybrid-property)*. Rights-property remains private, but it is just paper—somewhat like money, except that it earns and changes in value. Most thing-property is not private, because it is not owned by private persons and, as we shall see, it does not exist, in the last analysis, for private purposes.

It is beyond the scope of this essay to indicate the concentration of rights-property, but a few facts may help to suggest the truth of the situation. The Stock Exchange propagandists tell us, and we should believe them, that there are more than ten million American stockholders. They tell us nothing, however, about the concentration of holdings. Now besides the fact that everybody knows that Nelson Rockefeller owns more stock than most gas-station attendants, we do have some 1957 Federal Reserve Board figures to help us out. At that time, the board reported that there were 56.1 million spending units in the United States, and that eleven per cent of these owned some publicly held stock. Only three per cent, however, held investments valued at more than $10,000, and no more than eight per cent of the units had an annual income of $10,000 or more. Which bears out what everyone knows anyway, that the distribution of the ownership of income paper is something like the distribution of income itself, only more so; and there is almost none of this paper at and below the median level of income (except insurance, life-and-death savings, etc.), where the imperatives of consumption are absolute.

The Expense-Account Barons

The psychology (if not the fact) of private-property ownership goes very deep; as Mr. Berle has suggested, we are "the most violently private-property-minded country in the world." There was a profound truth in Jefferson's image of a democ-

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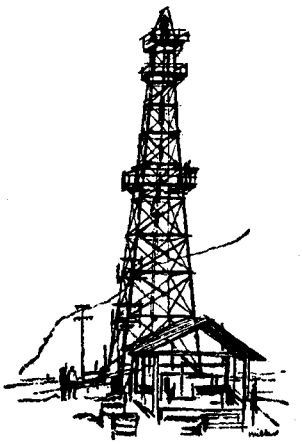
racy as a society of small property holders—even if in our day it is so impractical as to be tragic. If a man plants himself firmly upon the rock of his property ownership, he has an independence, and a sense of secure equality with other individuals similarly situated, which indeed does make him, as Jefferson believed, the truly anointed member of a democratic community. Now on what rock does the highly paid corporate executive stand, with his expense account, his stock options, his pension plan, deferred compensation, and death benefits? He stands on the "rock" of his acceptability to his board of directors and other superiors in a bureaucratic hierarchy. No rock at all; so he buries himself in work, in the immediate present of power and privileged consumption.

We should not confuse standard of living with accumulation. The thirty thousand corporate executives earning $50,000 or more a year (as reported by *Fortune* a few years ago), and indeed all the managers, have excellent and even magnificent standards of living. Mr. J. A. Livingston, a perceptive financial writer for the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* thinks that the "tax-sheltered managerial elite" is "an over-privileged class in a democratic society." But they are workers and spenders, not accumulators. They don't build family financial empires any longer—the estate and income-tax laws, and the corporate bureaucratic organization of wealth, have seen to that. Somebody could doubtless still build a temporary empire by merchandising a frozen daiquiri that can be drunk under water. But such events no longer characterize the system.

Free enterprise, motored by that hallowed value, individual initiative, and based on private property for real, has become a minority sector of the economy; still noisy, exhilarating, and important, but no longer the big show. Also, it is quite significant that two of the more substantial success stories of recent times—Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum—each involves government beneficence as well as individual initiative.

Perhaps this point that the important managers are mostly not important accumulators can best be made by recalling what the old days were like—before the Pecora investigation and New Deal securities legislation, for instance. Describing the business system in the heyday of American capitalist accumulation, in *The Theory of Business Enterprise,* Thorstein Veblen devotes several choice pages to the "accumulation of wealth" by corporate executives. His point was that the corporation men made their fortunes by trading in the stock of the corporations they managed. To this end, their purpose was served by a "discrepancy . . . between the actual and the putative earning-capacity of the corporation's capital." So the directorate gave out "partial information, as well as misinformation" to create such discrepancies. If this was not sufficient, some actual mismanagement could be indulged, if desired, to depress the stock. In those days—what the liberal muckrakers called the "robber baron" period—great fortunes could be and were accumulated.

And today? Apart from taxes, Section 16 (b) of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934 imposes an absolute liability in favor of the corporation with respect to any insider's short-swing profits in such transactions (which are a matter of public record). Where statutes are not sufficient, the revolution in the corporate common law effected by the brilliant practitioners of minority-stockholder litigation ensures that the managers remain housebroken, as they have been for some decades. This does not imply that insider information is not valuable today; one should not underemphasize the extent to which the corporate world has learned to live with restricting legislation and litigation; but the fact remains that control of a corporation is not the paved highway to an accumulation of great wealth which it once was. Now it is, by and large, just a very good job, in terms of both power and material welfare. But the power is based on position, not ownership; and the material advantages are standard-of-living advantages—nothing really important in the way of accumulation. (Not more than enough to support one wife and a lazy son or two after one's death.)



Own Your Own Job!

Top corporate executives, and other important managers, typically have choice long-term employment contracts as well as many lucrative "fringe" benefits. The contracts and benefits afford them substantial security, but they do not amount to "owning" the job – any more than union seniority and grievance procedures mean the assembly-line worker "owns" his job. We would like to possess these important things because, in a way, "everything" depends on them. Some of us want and need the security that a sense of ownership gives so much that we kid ourselves into the belief that we do indeed own what we need to own. For example, a woman who needs to feel that she possesses her husband will literally think and feel a "property right" in him. This happens to be a property right that, to a considerable degree, the courts will recognize. But they have not come around to accepting much of the ownership quality in our job tenure.

It will come, however, because insofar as we move away from private property and are bureaucratized, we become defined as a society of jobholders—all of us, from the quarter-million-a-year executive to the subsistence laborer. In a certain fundamental sense, both are proletarians: an increasingly comfortable proletarianization is America's gift to the modern world.

The issue is: We can belong to the job as proletarians, or the job can belong to us as individuals. (I don't think Sweden is going to give us a middle way on this issue.) As jobs come more and more to be *owned* by the jobholder, there will develop an increasingly elaborate structure of rights and duties with regard to jobs-as-property: a system of *law* will develop, just as happened in the epoch

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of bourgeois property after the transcendance of feudal forms. I think this is a more likely outcome than that the human race should manage to dispense with the sense of ownership and property entirely—dispense, that is, with identity in depth between self and thing.

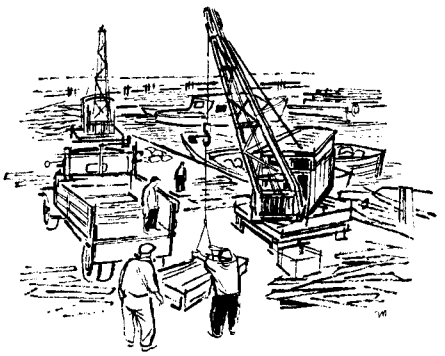
Meanwhile, union members are as much concerned with seniority rights as with wage demands, the secretary home-furnishes her office niche, and the medium-level white-collar worker measures the size and newness of "his" desk against all comers. (Note that many advertisements for new typewriters, postage-meter machines, etc., are directed to the office worker rather than to the boss.) And also meanwhile, what the junior and senior managers "have" is simply their qualifications to be managers. "Qualification" takes in a great deal—in some corporations it includes the character and social standing of one's wife. It is this compulsion to qualify that has created W. H. Whyte's "organization man" and David Riesman's "other-directed" group man. It is obvious that their dominance as social types is tied to the decline of private property.

The Hungry Giants

What are the aims of the big corporations that dominate our national life? They are bureaucracies, so they have, at least in the first instance, the purposes of any bureaucratic structure: (1) to maintain itself, (2) to grow bigger, and (3) incidentally to accomplish the function that justifies its existence. The profit motive of corporations—their basic vestigial connection with capitalism proper—subserves all three of these bureaucratic purposes, but especially the second. Corporations are, after all, mainly a means of accumulating and maintaining wealth in an organized form: they are the only remaining legal form of a perpetuity, apart from the sovereign state itself. But there is no perpetuity in the ownership or the control of corporations.

The difference between an economic organization like General Motors or A.T.&T. and a $10-million or even a $50-million corporation is not the simple additive one of size. At some point a change in quantity becomes a change in quality, and a new property form is created. Moreover, a smaller corporation may drag along or fail, and only a limited number of people are hurt; but the giants cannot be allowed to fail, and indeed they cannot be allowed for long to function at much below their optimum capacity. National production and the fate of a people would be decisively affected.

Little corporations get bigger—by accumulation, by merger, and simply because we have an expanding econ-



omy. At a certain point they transcend their original nature and then two crucial economic events occur simultaneously: there has been a new addition of $X million to the sphere of quasi-public or unprivate property and a subtraction of the same amount from the private-property, free-enterprise sector. Note these facts: between 1949 and 1954, the number of mergers tripled. In recent years, two-thirds of all mergers have been of small companies into larger ones with assets of over $10 million. In this sense, as well as more obvious ones, the quasi-public giants are destroying free enterprise and private property. The tax law, as well as many other economic factors, has contributed to the formation of mergers. The tax-free reorganization sections of the Tax Code, which allow for the nonrecognition of gain or loss in certain major corporate transactions including mergers, provides positive encouragement to the growth of bigness.

Also, bigness is bigger than any balance sheet will reveal—since many smaller companies are organized in constellations around the giants. There are undoubtedly a number of auto-parts manufacturers and other suppliers that might just as well constitute themselves as divisions of General Motors, for all the make-believe independence their freedom entails. (Some giants have purposefully organized their industries in this way as a defense against the antitrust laws, as well as a means of keeping the unions in line.)

THE PROBLEM of bigness has been with us since the building of the railroads a century ago, and of course it was a great political issue in the trust-busting era around the turn of the century. From that day till this, the liberal view has been to prevent or disperse the concentration of economic power, rather than to accept it and control it. This has been the impulse behind a considerable amount of fundamental legislation—the Sherman and Clayton Acts, the Robinson-Patman Act, resale price maintenance, the setting up of the Federal Trade Commission, etc. Whatever else may be said of this great effort to preserve capitalism in its classic image, it must at least be pointed out that it has failed. It may have slowed down or in some cases deflected the basic trend, and it certainly made a lot of lawyers rich; but after fifty years of this sort of thing our economy is more than ever dominated by big corporations. If the program is justified as a form of public subsidy to free enterprise in the form of small business, similar to our approach to the farmers, then it is perhaps acceptable. But as a comprehensive program or theory, it is mostly irrelevant to U.S. society.

This liberal attitude is based as solidly on the atavistic myths—of free enterprise and private property—as any N.A.M. speech is. Each group is working a different side of a street that runs through a ghost town.

Marx and Veblen among others were quite right after all in one fundamental insight; industrialism was bound eventually to burst out of the strait jacket of early capitalist forms of property—if not into socialism, then into "Americanism." An industrial system, as distinct from an ideology or way of doing business, has a dynamic of its own, which is just simply to be itself, to produce efficiently. As long as a society can afford not to produce—is able to deny the industrial dynamic—it can join any property system and any economic ideology it may whimsically desire with the actual system of industry. But when production becomes imperative, any form of prop-

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erty and any ideological element may be required to give way. Give way in fact, of course, not necessarily in name. Which accounts for many of the misnamed facts in our industrial picture.

The End of Capitalism

The end of capitalism in America as a recognizable entity results from three major historical events—the Great Depression, the Second World War, and this endless cold war involving continuous competition in production with the Soviet Union. Many good Democrats feel that the New Deal saved capitalism, but that is putting things wrong end up: corporate concentration saved (and imperceptibly transcended) capitalism, while the New Deal merely saved the corporations, by making it possible for them to produce again. That remains one of the primary functions of our Federal government—to keep saving the corporations. It is unnecessary to refer in detail to the numerous means the government has used to bolster purchasing power, or to help organize corporations among themselves. To indicate the scope of the latter, Mr. Berle asserts that "Roughly two-thirds of American industry and much of American finance is controlled by a formal or informal Federal industrial plan."

Not only do corporations regulate themselves through government agencies and similar devices, but it is a fact—to be obscured only by conventional thinking—that the very existence of an A.T.&T. or a GM or an RCA is in itself a form of economic planning on a national industrial scale: True, such planning has no broad or socially debated purpose, and is subject to no exterior responsibility other than the brute verdict of events—but still it *is* that rationalized economic planning so dear to the hearts of older socialists. (It seems an amusing irony that the creepiest part of creeping socialism should be its daily augmentation by the corporate managers.)

So, among other things, the imperatives of production result in an accelerated corporate rationalization of the economy. Let us state these imperatives seriatim, so as to recognize their overwhelming force:

¶ Thou shalt not allow another Great Depression.

¶ Thou shalt produce fully and efficiently.

¶ Thou shalt compete globally with the Soviet Union—a competition whose key terms are not merely tons of steel and numbers of automobiles but the purposeful organization of production and the rate of industrial growth.

¶ Finally, thou shalt raise and spread the American standard of living.

Almost everything unique about our system results from the action of these imperatives. Since they cannot be expected to diminish, it is fair to assume that we will continue to change in the direction already marked out. We may all see the day again (as with the NRA) when the president of, say, General Motors insists on more "socialist" control over industry. After all, what's good for the country may also be good for General Motors—at least for the *people* of General Motors, if not for the Thing Itself.

So that's our unnamed property system, still woodenly or deceitfully miscalled "private." But is all this a word game? No. The issue is, first, to recognize the existence of this crucial power now held by corporate and other managers, and then to request them to justify it to us. Power must be legitimated, otherwise any talk of law itself, much less democratic citizenship, becomes absurdly irrelevant. There are two somewhat contradictory "legitimations" of corporate power current today, one obscurely explicit and the other largely implied: (1) it doesn't exist, and (2) it "works."

The claim that it doesn't exist derives entirely from the word "private": corporations are private property, and thus are assimilated to an older system of justifications. This view leads one to the truly remarkable proposition that the personality of a young executive (and that of his fiancee) is *not* private, but the multibillion-dollar telephone system *is*!

The legitimation of corporate power because it "works" amounts to what is probably the lowest level of ideology yet reached by man in his brief but painful rise from the prelingual slime. To coin a lawyer-like phrase, it is unanswerable, contemptible, and irrelevant—and is to be understood as meaning nothing more than *You got yours, Jack.* As long as Jack accepts the statement, it is indeed unanswerable—and we are well on our way to accepting unlegitimated power at the very center of our civilization. The worst effect of the lack of legitimation is, as C. Wright Mills screamingly asserts, that ideology and then ideas and finally mind itself become irrelevant to national life. And this is profoundly frightening.

The subject of politics is power. Probably the main reason there is no longer anything recognizably like significant political activity in the United States is that those who would engage in it have failed or refused to confront the facts of national power. They don't or won't see where it is. Let us hope that this situation is transitory, that like the genteel poor we were temporarily embarrassed by insufficient ideological funds.

The most deeply disturbing aspect of our situation is that nobody is holding a gun to our head: we are *free* to engage in politics—and indeed we were as a nation created free in order to do so. But to pick up our birthright requires at least a significant number of us to indicate with reasonable frankness and accuracy *what* the basic national power is, *where* it is, and *who* the stewards of it are. If the subject of politics is power, the means is ideological discussion, argument, and conflict. Now in this grand activity many things and many qualities are useful, but one is absolutely indispensable—namely, vital ideology itself. And that's our problem: our ideologies have become so irrelevant to the facts of life that it is all the ordinary citizen can do to stay awake while the great debate about our fathers' world goes on.

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The Literary Triumph Of a Dead Prince

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

FLORENCE

THE PUBLISHING sensation of the year—and many a year—in Italy has been this runaway-selling novel by a Sicilian aristocrat with the drum-rolling name of Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma and Prince of Lampedusa. The poor prince, alas, is unable to savor his belated and well-deserved acclaim; four months after he had recopied the final draft of his manuscript, Tomasi, an unpublished genius in his sixties, was dead. One hundred thousand copies of his novel have been printed—this, in a country in which a serious work of fiction that attracts five thousand customers is considered a notable success.

If *Il Gattopardo* were a *libro giallo* or a *libro rosso*—a mystery story or a cheap romance—the sales would not be surprising. Italy, with its own magnificent outcroppings that still blessedly remain above water, is being submerged, like all of us, under the dismal brown tide of middle-mass taste: television, jukeboxes, pinball machines (although the latter are now permitted only in church recreation halls), *canzonette* instead of grand opera, Domenico Modugno and Perry Como, comic books, cheap films, the popular machine-made arts. All the more puzzling, therefore, is the relatively wide popular success of *Il Gattopardo,* a novel elegant in style and uncompromisingly anti-mass in its sentiment and in its taste. Here is one of those happy occasions, all too rare, in which artful critics and the artless public agree about a work of art.

With some exceptions. During the electioneering for the Strega literary prize, Alberto Moravia, who was sponsoring a hard-boiled Roman-dialect novel called *La Vita Violente* by Pier Paolo Pasolini, was quoted as declaring: "Whoever votes for *Il Gattopardo* is voting against the modern Italian novel." To my American ears this dictum of the famous Moravia sounded uncomfortably like the Zhdanov decrees, despite the fact that Moravia's point of issue was not politics but literary tendency. Critics here are hasty to categorize writers according to their "tendencies"—are they realistic or are they idealistic? The precise meaning of these categories is hidden in clouds of rhetoric. The categories, of course, disintegrate when brought within the field of force of any true work of art.

Gratifyingly, despite Moravia's ill-tempered remark, *Il Gattopardo* won the Strega Award, the most important Italian literary prize. Equally gratifying, as a sign that not all writers here are imprisoned within their "tendencies," was the fact that the Socialist Ignazio Silone, whose style is far from aristocratic and whose novels deal with peasants rather than princes, ardently stood sponsor for the Prince of Lampedusa's posthumous work. "Oh, well, they're both *meridionali*—"southerners" was one "explanation" of Silone's above-the-barricade attitude. It is difficult for some Italian intellectuals not to search for hidden motives in acts of simple sincerity. Oddly enough, the same argument was used to explain why Elio Vittorini, known to Americans for his novel *Conversations in Sicily,* had turned *Il Gattopardo* down when it was offered to another publisher. Vittorini is said to have adjudged the book an essay rather than a novel. "Oh, well, they're both Sicilians," I was told with a smile.

The literary Left has also refused to join in the applause. How can they clap for a historical novel that is less than convinced about the desirability of the Risorgimento, and hopeless about "progress" in Sicily? So left-wing critics, while admitting the superb literary quality of this historical novel, denigrate the author's sense of history. "Where are the heroic peasants?" they cry; which recalls to an American our proletarian literary critics of the 1930's—"But where are the Scottsboro Boys?"

The publisher of this new commercial and critical success is Feltrinelli, who broke with the Communists to print Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago.* (Pantheon, the American publisher of *Doctor Zhivago,* is planning to bring out an English translation of *Il Gattopardo.*) With two such hits—the humanistic poetic anti-statism of the Russian and the ironic melancholy *plus ça change*ism of the Sicilian—Feltrinelli undoubtedly will be charged with having formed a "tendency" all his own.

APART from the indisputable merits of the work, interest was stirred up by the romantic legend of the mysterious Sicilian prince who had published nothing during his lifetime and then left a masterpiece. The story is told in Giorgio Bassani's preface:

"The first and last time that I saw

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Giuseppe Tomasi, Prince of Lampedusa, was in the summer of 1954, at San Pellegrino Terme, on the occasion of a literary convention . . ." The revelation of the gathering was the poetry of a Sicilian baron named Lucio Piccolo, sponsored by the well-known poet Eugenio Montale. The baron, distracted, timid, dressed in démodé elegance, had come up from Sicily by train, accompanied by an older cousin and a servant. This bizarre trio, always together, aroused the curiosity of everyone—"The servant, bronzed and robust as a mace-bearer, never for a moment took his eyes off the other two . . . That was enough to excite a tribe of literati on semi-vacation."

Piccolo introduced Bassani to his cousin: Giuseppe Tomasi, Prince of Lampedusa. "He was a tall gentleman, corpulent, taciturn: pallid-faced, with that grayish complexion of dark-skinned southerners. Judging by his accurately buttoned topcoat, the brim of his hat pulled over his eyes, the knotty cane on which he leaned heavily while walking, one would have taken him at first glance for a retired general or something like that. He was older than Lucio Piccolo, now nearing sixty. He strolled alongside his cousin in the valleys surrounding the Kursaal, or sat in on the work of the convention, always silent, always with the same bitter twist to his lips. When he was presented he limited himself to bowing briefly without saying a word."

Five years later a Neapolitan friend telephoned Bassani, who was editing a series for Feltrinelli. "He had a book for me, he said, a novel. An acquaintance had sent it to him some time ago from Sicily. He'd read it, it had seemed very interesting . . ." "Who wrote it?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know. I don't believe it will be difficult to find out, though."

In due course the typescript arrived, without signature. No sooner had Bassani ". . . savored the first delicious phrases, I knew that this was a serious work, the work of a real writer."

He telephoned immediately to Palermo. There he learned that the author was the man he had met at the literary convention five years before, and who had died at Rome in the spring of 1957.

In the late spring of 1958, Bassani went to Palermo. "And it was a very fruitful trip, after all: because the original manuscript of the novel—a thick lined notebook almost entirely filled with the small calligraphy of the author—revealed on examination that it was much more complete than the typescript . . ."

From the author's wife, the Baroness Alessandra Wolff-Stomersee, born in the Baltic of an Italian mother, Bassani learned some facts about the writer. The most surprising was that the book had been entirely written in a few months before the author's fatal illness set in. Apparently the stimulus of the literary conference at San Pellegrino had finally goaded him to undertake the novel on which he had meditated for twenty-

five years. According to the widow, Tomasi had always had in mind a historical novel set in Sicily during the period of the landing of Garibaldi, and founded upon the figure of his paternal great-grandfather, Giulio di Lampedusa, astronomer. "He thought of it continually," said the widow, "but he never decided to begin." Besides the manuscript of the novel, Bassani found other unedited, unpublished papers: four short stories, various essays on French nineteenth-century narrative artists, and letters.

The portrait of the artist that emerges from *Il Gattopardo* and the random papers, as well as the reminiscences of friends and relatives, is that of an old-style urbane aristocrat, versed in many languages, reading in the original the best in all principal European literatures. One of the manuscripts was a remarkably perceptive essay on Stendhal, written in 1955, part of a course on French nineteenth-century literature the prince gave for a group of young friends in his palace at Palermo. Recently published, this essay substantiates every point of its analysis with pertinent references to Goethe, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Manzoni, Shakespeare, Ronsard, Corneille, Cervantes, Voltaire, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Joyce, Proust, and Freud, as well as numerous lesser-known figures in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French literature. Tomasi seems to have read everything, and, as one might have expected, spent much time abroad during the vulgarity of Fascism.

It is understandable that Stendhal should have been one of his greatest loves. Indeed, there are frequent Stendhalian echoes in *Il Gattopardo*—even the name of the protagonist, Prince Fabrizio, is the same as that of the hero of *La Chartreuse de Parme*—although Tomasi's style is succulent where Stendhal's is dry. But beyond the forging of separate sentences, a similar manner and tone informs both writers: what they share is irony and discretion. In the *"Lezioni Su Stendhal,"* Tomasi quotes admiringly Stendhal's power of summing up a night of love in a semicolon: *"La vertu de Julien fut égale à son bonheur; il faut que je descende par l'échelle dit-il à Mathilde, quand il vit l'aube du jour paraître."* *Il Gattopardo* abounds with similar evocative discretions. The prince visits his mistress. Moravia would have taken us inside, seated us on the bed, and given us a lesson in the physiology of love. Any number of Americans would have given us the mechanics of love. Tomasi leaves us with the sight of the prince knocking at the door of his mistress's apartment: "I sin, it is true, but I sin in order not to sin beyond this, in order not to continue to excite myself, in order to free myself of this carnal thorn, in order not to be dragged into worse evils. The Lord knows this." As in Stendhal and in Tolstoy, physiology and mechanics are left to our imagination.

It is generally agreed that *Il Gattopardo* is the best postwar

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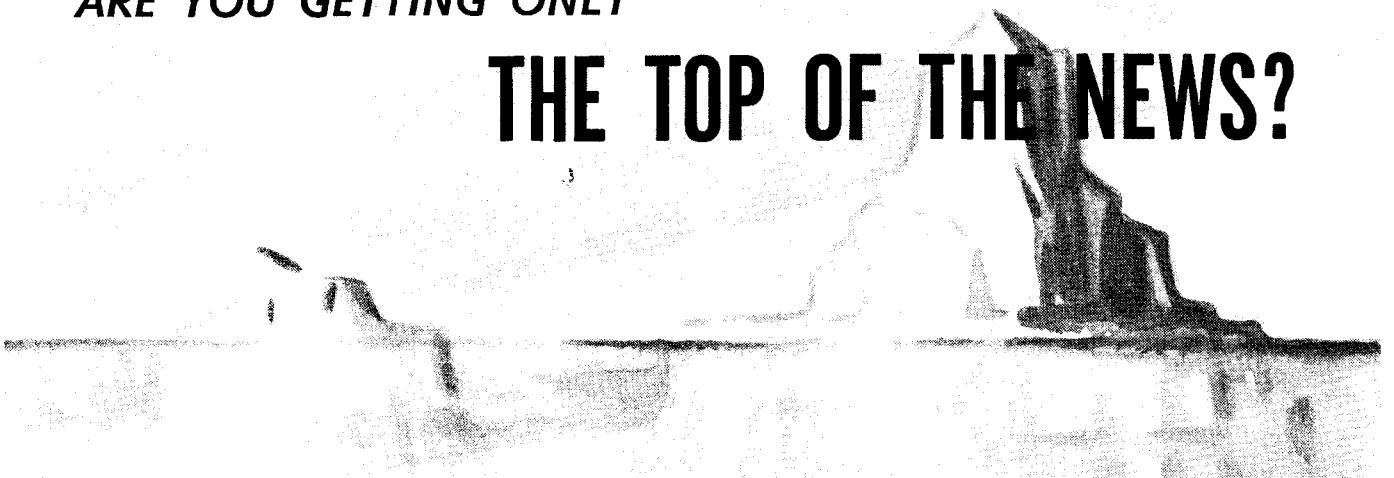

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Italian novel, perhaps the best of this century. Tomasi is the third great Sicilian to add luster to Italian letters: but he has little in common with the naturalism of Giovanni Verga or the nervous folklore and metaphysical dread of Luigi Pirandello. For Tomasi's antecedents we must, as he did, graze in literary pastures far outside the sweet landscapes of this peninsula: *The Pickwick Papers* was his favorite bedtime reading, Stendhal he admired to the point of idolatry, and, as might be expected, according to his widow, he gave the palm to the Olympian Tolstoy over the Dionysian Dostoevsky. Humor, psychological penetration, balanced and broad historical vision —these are precisely the qualities of Tomasi's masterpiece.

To those, however, whose tastes have been steamrollered into the gray pavement "realism" of much Italian (and American) documentary fiction, Tomasi's manner will seem archaically baroque, florid. But one must not be fooled by the volutes and piled imagery of these paragraphs: this writer is not interested in turning a phrase for its own sake. His characters are vividly alive; psychology interests the author more than intricacies of plot; and always there is a very modern twentieth-century mind at work, a clear poetically scientific gaze directed upon an event in history; a sharp if melancholy realization of the inevitable event: the passing of the old order, the rise of a new united Italy, the rise to power of the bourgeoisie.

In this historical novel dealing with the repercussions of the Risorgimento in Sicily, the author's sympathies are obviously with his protagonist: the humanistic, authoritarian, cynical Prince Fabrizio, a cultured representative of the old barons of the island. But although Don Fabrizio has no faith whatever in the possibility of making any fundamental changes in Sicily, he is far-seeing and intelligent enough to realize that the Bourbon monarchy must be swept away. Like his favorite nephew, young Falconieri, the prince supports the Garibaldian forces. "If we're not with them, they will form a republic. If we want everything to remain as it is, then everything must change . . ." And yet, like Balzac, Tomasi does not permit his personal sympathies to distort the clarity of his historical vision.

The theme is not unlike Proust's —the long-drawn decline of an aristocratic society, the rise of a new money-making class, and the pathetic efforts of the old to preserve itself by marrying into the new. But Tomasi's manner, though elegant, is distilled where Proust's is expansive; the Sicilian is more glinting, sharper-faceted. The symbols in *Il Gattopardo* act like a delayed time bomb, exploding in the memory long after the reading. The title, for example. A gattopardo is a serval, a kind of wildcat, long-legged, tawny-skinned with black spots. Here it serves as heraldic sign of the Salina family, the beautifully fierce symbol of the old order of Sicilian barons. But at the end of the book—we are now in 1910—the aristocratic wildcat has become the cobwebby and wormy hide of a dead dog. The moth-eaten pelt of Bendicò, dead for forty-five years, is tossed at last from an upper window upon the garbage heap in the courtyard: "During its flight down from the window, its form recomposed itself for an instant: one would have been able to see dancing in the air a quadruped with a big mustache, and the right forepaw seemed to be raised as in imprecation. Then all found peace in a heap of livid dust."

Similarly one remembers the prince's country mansion at Donnafugata: a huge labyrinth of rooms, even Don Fabrizio does not know how many. Through these mysterious crumbling passages wander the plighted lovers: the virile, penniless young nobleman Tancredi and his lovely rich plebeian Angelica, whose mother had been a pig tender. When I first read these delicious scenes, I marveled at the psychological truth of young lovers searching for romantic places in which to be alone, the evocative mood of dust and cobwebs and falling masonry. Only later did the lurking symbolism explode in my memory: the decaying mansion of aristocracy in which the lovers—a marriage of two classes—search for whatever is salvageable. They find nothing: the mansion is doomed to destruction.

Like us, the Italians have their southern problem, and it is by no means the exquisite literary qualities alone that have created all the stir over *Il Gattopardo*. When Fabrizio is urged to accept a post as senator in the new kingdom, the prince, while believing it is his duty to "adhere" to the new state, refuses to "participate" in it. "We Sicilians have been accustomed to a long, very long hegemony of governments which were not of our religion, which did not speak our language. And so we split hairs. If we hadn't done that, we would not have escaped from Byzantine tax collectors, from Berber emirs, from Spanish viceroys. Now the mold is set; that's how we're shaped . . . In Sicily it doesn't matter whether one does well or does ill: the sin that we Sicilians will never forgive is simply to 'do.' We're old, very old. For twenty-five centuries, at least, we've carried on our shoulders the weight of magnificent heterogeneous civilizations, all coming from without, not a single one germinating from amongst ourselves . . . We're as white as the Queen of England, yet for two thousand five hundred years, we've been a colony. I'm not saying this to complain: It's our fault. But we're tired and emptied just the same . . . Sleep, sleep is what Sicilians want and they always hate whoever tries to awaken them, even to bring them the most beautiful presents. Every Sicilian manifestation, even the most violent, is an expression of morbid dreaminess: our sensuality is a desire for oblivion, our knifings and shootings a desire for death; our laziness is a desire for voluptuous immobility, that is, again, for death."

Undoubtedly, such exasperated discourses by a Sicilian about his own house partially explain *Il Gattopardo's* popularity in this country. Lovers of good literature rejoice at the apparition of this superb wildcat; others are pleased that it is biting its own tail.

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Algeria in the Good Old Days

JOHN PHILLIPS

My father was a *colon*. Like all colons he owned a farm, made wine, grew wheat, wore a shaggy mustache to impress the native help, and complained about France's lack of understanding of Algerian problems. He was, however, different from the others. He came from Wales. This made him the only foreign colon in Algeria. The others, mostly noncommittal farmers from Normandy, suspiciously called him *"l'Anglais"* until he established an *entente cordiale*.

My father's farm was in Great Kabylia, also known as La Kabylie du Djurdjura on account of the Djurdjura mountains, where the cedars grow. It was there I was born on a Friday the thirteenth in 1914. On the next market day I was registered at the town hall of Bouira, the township of our district, seventy-seven miles south of Algiers on Route 5.

I was three when my father sold his farm to enlist in the French Army. He had to give up the farm because Kabyles do not work for a woman, and Kabylia was no place for my mother to be alone with a child during the war. Had it not been for this, it is likely I would be a colon today, blindly fighting the Arabs as the present owners must be doing.

Kabylia is a land where mountains rise above torrential *oueds* that inundate a countryside gashed by deep ravines. The wild appearance matches the character of the Kabyles. These Kabyles, Berbers like most natives in North Africa, had been converted to the Moslem faith through conquest; Arabs by assimilation, they became fanatics.

Kabylia left its imprint on me. My nanny was a Berber and the first words I uttered were in her language. Although these were soon blotted out when we moved to Algiers, my speech, even today, has a peculiar Arabic guttural which marks me out.

A child in North Africa, I was very much like Douanier Rousseau—in reverse. While he painted exotic landscapes in a French suburb, I, a small boy beneath the blue sky of Islam, living in the midst of natives and the smell of jasmine, imagined a strange picture of my father's country, Wales, a land that, below soggy clouds, lay shrouded in puritanism. My mother's home, Troy, New York, which manufactured shirts for a continent, was no easier for me to visualize. For the only place I knew was El Djezair, where the numerical majority was considered a minority and wore their shirts outside their pants.

In Arabic El Djezair means "the islands." These disappeared in harbor works when El Djezair became the city of Algiers—an island of France unwilling and unable to become integrated with Arab Algeria. If you look at Algiers from the harbor, the French town rises above you, like

staggered stacks of shoe boxes, all the way to the Bois. Off to the right of this European town the Kasbah sprawls, a twisted and convulsed mass of low white houses.

I still cannot forget the smell of Algiers, which lingers around the docks and drifts out to sea. It is mixed up, like the population. In my mind, the predominant essence is the stale aroma from large empty wine casks piled up along the wharfs. But there are also the smells of leather, of oranges, of dampness, and of cookies fried in oil.

The sound of Algiers! I recall it best from the Café Tantonville where my father drank *apéritifs* and gave me pistachio ice cream to keep me from fidgeting. All around the café terrace the noise rises in a ground swell. Native drivers honk their horns with insistence and scream at barefoot urchins tearing across the street without looking, arms outstretched, eyes popping. In the distance a streetcar screeches off toward Bab el Oued, a district of narrow streets that overflows with people haggling in Algerian and Arab French, Spanish, and Maltese. Close by from a mosque the muezzin summons the faithful in a long monotonous singsong.

Across the café, a word echoes harshly above the chatter of conversation—*"roho,"* a native word used by Europeans to brush aside the Arabs, who outnumber them ten to one. An offhand *"roho"* and the young bootblack gaily rattles the wooden box he uses as a footrest and scampers off. An impatient *"roho!"* dismisses the peanut and burnt-almond vendors. Two angry *"rohos"* get rid of the rug and curio salesmen (most of whose wares come from France). Three *"rohos"* are needed to discourage the skinny Moroccan acrobats who perform wild cartwheels. Four *"rohos"* are required for beggars in rags with obsequious manners and cold eyes. And a whole string of *"rohos"* simply makes the fat man with gold teeth sigh, put his dog-eared post cards back into a breast pocket, and offer his sister, whom he calls a gazelle.

The abyss between the European and the Arab was due to a simple reason nobody gave much thought to. Everybody was enchanted about the conquest of Algeria, except the natives. Although France brought progress and hygiene which enabled the Arab population to increase by millions, this only meant so many million more voices in protest. There were, it is true, a few *caïds*, chieftains, who cantered around on their white Arabian horses and proclaimed their devotion to France on the fourteenth of July. But their

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futility was recognized by the Algians themselves. Half laughing, half contemptuously they dismissed these natives as *"Béni-oui-oui."*

Yet I remember we all looked forward to the coming centenary the way others look to the millennium; a century of French occupation would produce a miracle and suddenly change everything! I missed the celebration in 1930 because we had left Algiers. The others missed the miracle because it did not happen.

ALGIERS' violent past was always present in our everyday life. It spread out in all directions whenever we took the streetcar. If we rattled up to the Bois we came to the Colonne Voirol, a column to honor Voirol, the soldier in command of military works undertaken to consolidate France's hold over Algeria. If we were going into the Kasbah we picked up the streetcar at the Place du Gouvernement, symbol of French occupation. On this streetcar there were always a few relatives of convicts—recognizable by their food hampers. They were heading for Barberousse Prison, named after the family who turned Algiers into a pirates' den. For three centuries these Moorish pirates raided the Mediterranean to Europe's despair until, thanks to an incident, France took action. In 1827 the French consul was slapped with a fly swatter by the ruler of Algiers. Three years later, to avenge this affront, French troops landed at Sidi Ferruch.

I know the bay where they came ashore; I spent my summers there, and I can even recite the inscription on the monument which commemorates this landing, as it impressed me greatly at the time:

"Here, June 14, 1830, by order of King Charles X, the French army under the command of General de Bourmont raised its colors, freed the seas, gave Algeria to France."

This gift cost more than the inscription suggests. Over a hundred thousand Frenchmen were required to subdue the Arabs. Names of streets and communities across Algeria evoke this war. Rue d'Isly, in the center of Algiers, is in memory of a French victory. This shopping street runs parallel to the Boulevard Bugeaud, named after the hero of the battle. There are no less than eighteen communities spread out around Algeria whose names begin with Bordj, which means "fort." A town is called Aumale in homage to the Duke of Aumale for his capture of the retinue of Abd-el-Kader, the leader of the rebellious Arab tribes. And General Lamoricière, to whom Abd-el-Kader himself finally surrendered, got a small town and a large liner named after him.

Algeria, after its conquest, became an armed camp. But the land cast a spell called "nostalgeria." The French military were fascinated by this country which tapered off into the desert; by its strange inhabitants, some of whom were blue-eyed blondes; and by the prevailing fatalism of *mektoub*, the belief that what is written must happen. Some, too, were attracted by the casual homosexuality of the Arab. All this stirred up strange emotions in the hard-bitten Frenchmen, who sought sublimation in training fierce regiments which France squandered on the battlefields of two world wars.

The military government also encouraged colonization to help control the country and make it more productive. They made colonization attractive to French farmers by offering land grants. The colons, avid for land, built larger and more prosperous farms than those of their fathers in metropolitan France. They made wines of heavy density which Bordeaux eagerly imported to blend with its own. They produced rich crops of cereals. And like the military, they, too, were taken by nostalgeria, which made them as foreign in France as Americans in England.

Nostalgeria also gripped the Arabs. But in their nostalgeria there was no place for either military or colon. The Arabs simply dreamed of the day when France would be weak enough for them to get rid of the *roumis*, the Europeans. Nonetheless, the Arabs' practical sense gave them a healthy respect for the strength of the French Army and their fatalism allowed them to wait almost indefinitely for the day of liberation. This mentality of the Arab allowed him to work for a *roumi* twenty years, risk his life to save a *roumi*, and eventually murder the *roumi* to steal his alarm clock.

So the Arabs waited for the time of the alarm clock. Meanwhile they obeyed their tribal leaders, accepted underpayment, and pilfered as best they could. But they were always ready to rebel the moment they sensed France was in difficulty. Rebellion broke out after the French defeat in 1870. Before the army could restore order, the colons lived through extremely trying times. This molded the mentality they still have today.

A TYPICAL COLON was old Monsieur Pagnère, a neighbor on the farm. He was in his mid-eighties. Fierce-looking and gruff, he called me *"mon petit,"* and I liked him. I was happy when he visited Algiers with his family, because they came to lunch and this was an event. Shrimps and a fat turbot were invariably served between the hors d'oeuvres and the roast. On the stroke of twelve the Pagnères could be heard tramping up the stairs, old Monsieur Pagnère leading the way, followed by his wife (twenty-five years his junior), his brawny son Pierre, his fat daughter Mimi, and her gaunt husband Marcel. They grinned broadly and filled the doorway, talked loud and laughed heartily. They were more than just prosperous farmers who owned big open cars and wore heavy boots. They stood out among the city people on account of a grim-jawed determination. Their movements were deliberate and they did not know what it meant to be outstared.

Seated on a stool next to Mother I ate and gaped until school time. I left with the turbot and got back while they sat over liqueurs and reminisced about *le bon vieux temps*.

"There was nothing, but nothing, in Kabylia when I first came," Monsieur Pagnère liked to recall. "Not a colon, not a farm, only *indigènes*."

Indigènes is French for "natives." A survivor of the 1871 Kabyle uprising, Monsieur Pagnère's attitude toward the indigènes could be felt in the way he called them *"les ratons"*—small rats—the most common Algerian name for an Arab.

Old Monsieur Pagnère also displayed the same contempt for most French politicos and groused because Poincaré no longer guided France. *"Poincaré, ça c'était un homme,"* he would roar. *"Les autres . . ."* he shrugged at the thought of the others

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and helped himself to more rum. Had anyone mentioned integration he would have shot him. Like all the colons, old Monsieur Pagnère felt bitter over what he considered France's discrimination. He was outraged that colons were unable to export all their wine to France. An obscure Franco-Spanish trade agreement over wine and oranges nearly drove him insane.

"They're trying to ruin the colons," he growled. "Now, in the good old days . . ."

IN THOSE good old days, at the turn of the century, whenever the colons felt put upon they rigged the municipal elections. This was a simple feat, as the electorate in our district, including shopkeepers and other noncolons, numbered only three hundred Europeans. Their opinions were known to all, everybody having heard them expounded over absinthe at the café. So the colons knew to a name when their interests were threatened. When they were, the mayor invalidated enough opposition votes to get himself reelected. A smudged ballot was a void ballot, so Monsieur le Maire tacked a piece of lard under the table to rub his left palm on. With this greasy hand he smudged opposition ballots as he put them in the ballot box. When the opposition was too large to smudge off, my father helped. A foreigner, he could not vote, but he could invite the opposition surplus up to his farm and keep them drunk in the cellar until the polls closed.

There were, however, certain taboos. My father broke one, I learned, when he recalled the experience to old Monsieur Pagnère. Exasperated at being robbed every night, he shot in the direction of a Kabyle he saw scurrying away with a load of grapes and killed him. The other Arabs ignored the body, which lay all day in the sun. The next morning, however, the body had disappeared. For several days nothing happened. Then cattle began to disappear. The overseer casually suggested that father pay the price of blood—compensation which amounted to five hundred francs. My father deposited the amount beneath a stone near a specified fig tree and asked no questions. The very next morning he found the missing cattle wandering around his fields. The matter was settled, there were no hard feelings, and for a time he was not robbed. In those good old days a European killing of an Arab was settled this way, without further ado. Arab killing Arab was no more serious, although the *gendarmerie* made a certain display of authority. This was the case when the holy man of the tribe, known as the Marabout, was murdered. This particular Marabout "sweated the burnoose," as they say in North Africa—he extracted too much money from his tribesmen. One market day he was shot. That same afternoon gendarmes came up to see my father, had a few drinks with him, and marched off the members of the Marabout's tribe who worked on the farm. On the way, two Arabs in the group were poisoned by the others out of fear they would break down and confess that the tribe had hired the assassins. Aside from this, nothing happened. The overseer told my father the whole story when they all got back a few days later.

"Well, I certainly hope you don't have the same trouble with the new Marabout," my father said. "*In cha Allah*—if it is the will of God," the overseer replied with a shrug.

But when an Arab killed a European this was another story. The guillotine was promptly hauled up from Algiers.

MOST OF THE TALES I heard during my childhood involved killing and violence. They all sounded moral enough, because some Arab got what was coming to him. There was nothing to be frightened about either; the colons were always clever and armed. And anyway, why be frightened when everybody laughed over these stories until tears rolled down their cheeks?

"*Imaginez vous,*" old Monsieur Pagnère exclaimed, "the time it took me to slip a rope around his wrist and yank his arm through the hole in the wall up to his shoulder, fasten the rope to an apple tree, and get around the wall—it could not have been more than five minutes. *Eh bien,* by the time I got to him, his head had been hacked off by his friends, so I couldn't recognize him. These Arabs . . ."

These colons . . . .

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The Sixty-Second Sell

BERNARD ASBELL

NOWHERE in the universe do living things carry on quite as they do in the strange little world of the sixty-second filmed commercial (or thirty-second or twenty or ten). Let's take a recent occurrence in that world, in the Universal Recording Studios in Chicago. The characters in the scene were a gray-haired, gruff-voiced actor and a semicircle of bright young men with worried faces, all employed in an ascending scale of responsibility at an ascending scale of salaries by one of the largest advertising agencies in the world. The top salary among them equaled approximately half the taxable income of the gruff-voiced actor.

"The problem is this," said the highest salaried of the group, the agency creative director, displaying a series of cartoons summarizing the sequence of the commercial. "There's this ugly little bug walking across the screen, see? Suddenly up here this can of insecticide—that is our client's product—comes marching over the horizon and this little bug—that's the voice we need you for—yells 'Yike!' That's the only word you've got to say. 'Yike!' Get it?"

The agency men, in descending order of rank, filed into the control room, disappearing behind the dark windows.

The actor said *"Yike!"* Then he rearranged his face and said it again, differently.

"Keep in mind, Norm," came a voice through a loudspeaker from the control room, "that he's just a little insect. He's threatened, scared for his life, get the picture? Try giving us a smaller 'Yike!' but with a big feel."

The actor produced a *sotto voce* but highly dramatic *"Yike!"*

Another voice from the speaker said, "No, you better step it up just a little more forcefully. Just a little bit bigger."

The actor stepped it up. *"Yike!"*

Another voice: "That's very good, Norm, but I think you could strengthen the interp if you picture a real ugly bug, pretty good-sized but, you know, not a monster. That yike you're doing now strikes me as a pretty scrawny little bug. It sounds like you're making fun of it."

The actor flexed his diaphragm and tried some bigger-bug "Yike!"

"Much better, Norm, but don't make the yike explode. If we put too big a frame around it, it might hurt the announcer's copy that follows. This particular client is always adamant about protecting the copy message. Try about this level. *Yike!*"

AFTER THE PASSAGE of an hour and ten minutes and several hundred yikes, the ultimate "Yike!" was pinned down and buttoned up and the actor and the advertising men all congratulated each other. Everyone had got what they wanted: the agency, a dramatic triumph; the actor, an increase in his net worth that might measure in four figures.

The agency's reverent concern for the interpretation of "Yike!" had not begun with the briefing of the actor. A half dozen accomplished actors had competed in a voice audition before the agency singled out one with the appropriate rasp of a terrified bug. Not long ago, another agency, producing a commercial for a cleansing tissue, conducted a four-hour sneezing audition. Forty actresses exploded nasally until the agency found the sneezer with precisely the right degree of conviction. Still another agency auditioned hundreds of skilled interpreters, male and female, in New York, Hollywood, and Chicago, in a talent hunt for the midget-like voice of Speedy Alka-Seltzer. To everyone's surprise, the actor who got the sound exactly right was a—midget.

These hard facts of life have their rosy side, however, and they are seen best through the rose-colored contact lenses of the actors, actresses, singers, dancers, and models who have never been paid so much for doing so little. A surprising number of these performers—whom agency men condescendingly call "pieces of talent"—haul down pieces of cash like $150,000 a year. A greater number earn $50,000 a year.

The mathematics of this is intriguing. A performer is paid eighty dollars—certainly a modest purse—for exposing his face for a single commercial. Commercials are not usually produced singly however, but in clusters; perhaps two related one-minute spots, two thirty-second spots, and an "ID" (trade shorthand for a ten-second station identification break.) Each of these pays eighty dollars and they might all be shot in a day. Five times eighty: four hundred clams.

But that's only the beginning. The Screen Actors Guild holds that a "piece of talent" is paid not for his time but for his exposure. The more he hawks for one sponsor, the less he is useful to another. So the scale slides upward as exposure widens. If the commercials run in six cities or more, the price for each goes up from $80 to $125 (times five if there are five); twenty-one cities or more, $170; sixty-one cities or more, $220; more than 125 cities, the actor hits the jackpot at $260 (still times five).

But that's not all. The actor, for the piffling sum of $80 (or $125 or $260) (times five) can't be expected to rent his face in perpetuity. So every thirteen weeks the sponsor must pay the actor the full $80 (or $125 or $260) (times five) all over again until the commercials are laid to rest.

These repeated payments for the same day's work are called "residuals." There are a few lucky cases where residuals bring as much as $15,000 for a day's work.

SIMILAR good fortune has come to composers of the most specialized branch of contemporary music, the commercial jingle. The melody floating behind the Slenderella TV commercial was so appealing that its composer had lyrics added, and the Four Coins recorded it as "Dream World." A jingle called "Have a Duke" for Pittsburgh's Duquesne beer was converted to the school song of Elder High School, Cincinnati, bringing pride, if not much profit, to its composer. But when "Chiquita Banana" was upgraded from a fruit commercial to a popular tune, its composer became rich.

Ideal pitchmen and pitchladies require ideal voices, ideal faces, ideal bodies, ideal hands, ideal hair, some-

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times ideal teeth, feet, or bosoms. Also ideal age, almost always twenty-nine to thirty-five. You don't readily find all these charms wrapped up in one member of the Screen Actors Guild, so an actress with an ideal voice speaks lines to synchronize with the moving jaws of another actress with an ideal face. If the character they jointly play is that of an ideal scrubwoman, still a third hireling clutches a kitchen sponge in a close-up of ideal hands. Modeling agencies keep elaborate files of the the proprietors of ideal voices, faces, hands, bodies, hair, teeth, feet, and bosoms.

No matter how ideal the models, however, nothing—but nothing—is so glamorous as that most perfect of all objects, the product. Automobiles are almost always photographed with "stretch" lenses so front shots make them look fifty per cent wider; side shots, fifty per cent longer. For beer commercials, the cameramen warn their wives they'll be late for dinner. Seldom can they achieve the right amount of foam before twenty retakes, no matter how much salt and other chemical coaxing they employ. The agency for one Midwestern brand has discovered that the beer made by its client's competitor foams up admirably. So on shooting day the agency hauls in a case of the competitor's brew, changes the labels, and starts to pour, taking deep bows for the beautiful head.

The object of glamorizing a product is to make it more real than reality. For example, no thinking adman would think of photographing coffee for a coffee commercial. The real thing shows up like melted licorice; but a cup of flat Coca-Cola makes splendid coffee. Whipped cream photographs like dried-out calcimine, but top a dessert with shaving cream and you've got a real lip-smacker. Ground-up cloves are just the thing for removing with electric razors, whereas real whiskers look like sand. One studio spent an expensive day trying to get a roast chicken to look piping hot and finally got the precise effect by placing six lighted cigarettes in the bird's gizzards.

The advertising industry, on the whole, is not emotionally equipped to laugh at itself. But a few cultural pioneers have increased their fame and riches by debunking advertising in order to sell more of what they want their advertising to sell. Bob and Ray, together with their writing partner, Ed Graham, have helped make Piel's Beer one of the top sellers in the East, and Tip Top Bread one of the most talked-about brands in the nation, through the medium of the self-rib. Stan Freberg has formed a company, Freberg, Ltd. ("but not very"), with a slogan, "Ars Gratia Pecuniae." A Salt Lake City station recently scheduled a half-hour program of Freberg commercials—not as advertising but as entertainment.

A COMER in the field of irreverent salesmanship is an uncontrollable fellow in Pittsburgh named Rege Cordic. One day he dutifully recited a script in behalf of Pittsburgh Brewing Company, makers of Duquesne and Fort Pitt beers, then swung into a hard sell for a beer brand of his own creation, Olde Frothingslosh. One by one, the pet copy points of the paying sponsor toppled under the satirical fire. Among Cordic's claims for Olde Frothingslosh were:

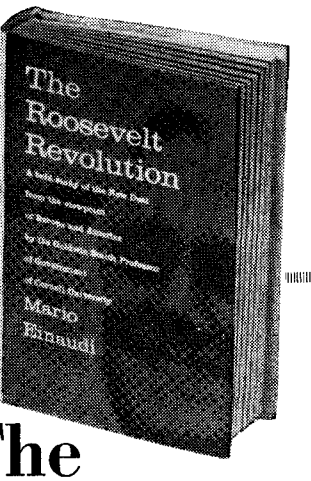
¶ *Backwards water,* available only to Sir Reginald Frothingslosh's brewery at Upper Crudney-on-the-Thames where the water invariably flows backwards;

¶ *Lively hops,* imported from the African province of Hippity (hence, the trade name Hippity Hops);

¶ *Lightness* to the point that the foam is on the bottom.

The executive offices of Pittsburgh Brewing trembled as his unscheduled commercial came through. But next day, desks were weighed down by mail suggesting new claims, asking for prices and dealer franchises. By Christmas, the company was persuaded to market Olde Frothingslosh. They financed TV commercials in which Cordic performed upside down, hanging from parallel bars—the camera also upside down—so he could make the beer pour upwards from the bottle. The foam, sure enough, was on the bottom.

Irreverent commercials sometimes are too much for certain fragile souls in the audience. Says Stan Freberg: "We hear first from the organized pressure groups, then the idiot fringe who accuse me of being



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a Red for poking fun at Johnnie Ray, Lawrence Welk, Jack Webb, the state of Nevada, and hearing aids."

LEST MOST advertising men be written off as humorless, it should be reported that they are quite able to laugh at their own antics if they can be sure that neither the client nor the public is listening. An industry "inside joke" in the form of a unlabeled recording has been circulating furtively, hand to hand, from phonograph to phonograph, from agency to agency. It is played behind closed doors, to loud, knowing guffaws. It is a dramatization of a recording session to produce a commercial for Blooper's Soap. The agency producer is awaiting the arrival of the announcer when the account executive, Miltown Jag, shows up. He assures the producer he doesn't want to interfere, he just wants to stand back against the wall and watch. Then the announcer, Maury Siduals, arrives and the producer promises he'll be out in two minutes because the script, requiring a soft sell, contains only five words:

"Blooper's Soap is real good."

Maury gives it an easy, soft-sell reading: "Blooper's Soap is real good."

The producer says it's exactly right, but suggests a repeat just to make sure they've got it. Maury repeats.

Then Miltown Jag offers a suggestion. Perhaps they should do it just once more so Maury can hit the brand name just a wee bit harder. Maury reads:

"BLOOPER'S SOAP is real good."

Just fine, says Miltown, back in the corner, not interfering. The only thing that bothers him is that he wonders whether the claim is properly supported. The word "real" should be emphasized. It should be given meaning. Maury complies:

BLOOPER'S SOAP is REAL good."

Miltown's only hesitation now is the neglect of the word "good." Mr. Blooper once tried to copyright it. "Good" is a very special word to him. Maury socks it:

"BLOOPER'S SOAP IS REAL GOOD."

"Great, great!" says Miltown. "Just the amount of undersell we need."

BOOKS

The Conquistadors' Conscience

IRVING KRISTOL

ARISTOTLE AND THE AMERICAN INDIANS, by Lewis Hanke. *Regnery. $3.50.*

In 1569, Alonso de Ercilla in an epic poem on the conquest of Chile described how the Auracanian chief Caupolicán, captured by the conquistadors, expressed a sincere desire to become a Christian. The Spaniards were deeply touched and proceeded to baptize him with high solemnity. They then sat him on a pointed stake and riddled him with arrows.

The Spanish invasion of America contributes some of the most exciting, ludicrous, and utterly nauseating pages in the history of the human race. Reading them, one hardly knows whether to laugh, weep, or despair. The horror is almost without parallel; but there was also a true grandeur of spirit in the enterprise—which, however, so far from mitigating the horror, only emphasizes it, and adds to it an element of quixotic absurdity. As early as 1513, Spanish theologians were so concerned about the possibility that their countrymen might be waging unjust wars against the Indians that they persuaded King Ferdinand to issue a Requirement. This was a kind of manifesto, the text of which had to be read to the Indians, by interpreters, before hostilities could legally commence. It began with a brief history of the world since its creation, recounted the establishment of the papacy, the "donation" of most of the New World to Spain by Pope Alexander VI, "required" the Indians to acknowledge the Church, Pope, and king as their rulers, and demanded that they allow the Faith to be preached to them. A notary had to give testimony in writing that the Requirement had been duly pronounced.

As Lewis Hanke describes it: ". . . The Requirement was read to trees and empty huts when no Indians were to be found. Captains muttered its theological phrases into their beards on the edge of sleeping Indian settlements, or even a league away before starting the formal attack. . . . Ship captains would sometimes have the document read from the deck as they approached an island. . . ." Never were massacre, rapine, and plunder so meticulously notarized.

THE QUOTATION is from an earlier book by Professor Hanke, *The Spanish Struggle for Justice in the Conquest of America* (1949), which, like all his writings in this field, is a pioneer work of research and extremely readable withal. There has not been any lack of scholarly work on the subject of the Spanish conquest; but before Professor Hanke little attention was paid to the Spanish side of it, to the effects of the Indian wars on Spanish sensibilities and Spanish opinion. These effects were neither trifling nor entirely inconsequent; and they have a decided interest in themselves. In his latest and fascinating little book, he turns his attention to what is certainly one of the oddest episodes in the history of moral and political philosophy in the West: the debate in Valladolid, in the summer of 1550, between Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda for the affirmative and Bartolomé de Las Casas for the negative, on whether the Indians were slaves "by nature," as this concept had been defined by Aristotle.

Mr. Hanke subtitles his book "A Study in Race Prejudice in the Modern World," which is rather misleading because anachronistic: the Spanish attitude toward the Indians cannot really be assimilated to the far more recent phenomenon of "race prejudice." The *color* of the Indians seemed not to interest the Spaniards at all; and they proposed no genetic explanation for Indian inferiority —nothing resembling the "sons of Ham" theory of the ante-bellum

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South, for example, or the pseudo-scientific doctrines of nineteenth-century nationalism. Insofar as it is possible for an outsider to fathom the workings of the Spanish mind, it seemed to proceed along the same profoundly naïve lines that caused the Zulus to designate all other people as "animals" and themselves as "The People." A more apt comparison, perhaps, is with the Greek distinction between Greeks and "barbarians," since it shared the Spanish horror of manual labor, and resorted to slavery as a means of avoiding it. (The ambition of every Spanish settler, usually realized, was to become a *caballero.*)

In addition, there were other elements, difficult to isolate but indubitably active: the role of medieval legends, very much alive in sixteenth-century Spain, about mythical quasi-human creatures who populated the earth's distant regions; the "Christian" missionary spirit, which had just been respon-

sible for the massacre of the Moors and the expulsion of the Jews; and that peculiarly Spanish *menosprecio de la vida* which even today cannot appreciate heroism and self-assertion except against a background of more or less violent death.

But just as there was no counterpart, among British and French settlers in the New World, to Spanish cruelty toward the Indians, so also there was no counterpart to Spanish concern for the spiritual, moral, and even material well-being of the natives. The Laws of Burgos, in 1512, prescribed a minimum of food and shelter that had to be provided and commanded that "no one may beat or whip or call an Indian '*dog*' or any other name." The Requirement of 1513 became a farce, but it was well and seriously meant. The overwhelming majority of Spanish theologians viewed the savagery of their fellow countrymen with loathing, and constantly appealed to the conscience of the king for royal intervention. Nor was the king himself, or his councilors, immune to such appeals. Indeed, so effective were they that on April 16, 1550, Charles V—Holy Roman Emperor at the height of his, and Spain's, glory—ordered all conquests in the New World suspended until a panel of theologians should be convened to decide upon a just method of conducting them. Four months later, the debate was officially joined at Valladolid.

It was a strange debate in all sorts of ways. Neither of the two contestants could be said to represent any important current of opinion. Sepúlveda was a typical specimen of the Spanish renaissance humanist (yes, humanist), but in applying Aristotle's theory of slavery to the Indians he stood outside the main body of both religious and secular opinion. To be sure, Aristotle was not an authority to be lightly disregarded in sixteenth-century Spain; but just what he meant by his division of mankind into slaves and masters was—and remains to this day—exceedingly unclear. (There are even those who maintain that he could have meant nothing by it, but was only making a discreet obeisance to Greek popular sentiments.) It is also true that Saint Augustine had sanctioned slavery, as offering a splendid opportunity to practice such virtues as humility, obedience, and patience. But the fact remains that there was no slavery to speak of (except for a few Moors and African Negroes) in the Spain—or, for that matter the Europe—of that period; and the very idea was in practice repugnant to Christian opinion as it had evolved since the fall of the Roman Empire. Pope Paul III himself, in his bull *Sublimus Deus* (1537) had denounced those who regarded the Indians as "dumb brutes created for our service." The basic Christian hostility to slavery was not to be overcome

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until the African slave trade became too extensive a business to remain unprotected by theology.

Sepulveda had never been to the New World—the humanists were generally a bookish lot—whereas his opponent, Las Casas, "Apostle of the Indies," had spent the better part of his seventy-six years there, and so spoke with great authority. He also spoke with a polemical bombast that often bordered on the crackpot. He was really a more medieval and less modern man than Sepúlveda. He believed the day of judgment might not be far off, and wrote his *History of the Indies* in order to explain that the destruction of the world would be a punishment for Spain's crimes in America. (The inhabitants of all other nations were, presumably, involved in a kind of collective guilt.) He tried to prove, in books of interminable length, that the Indians were pacific, virtuous, gentle, reasonable, and superior in many respects to the ancient Greeks and Romans. And when he reported that no fewer than fifty million Indians had been butchered by Spain, doubts about his sheer credibility were piled upon doubts about his mental equilibrium. If Sepúlveda set a precedent for later high-flown apologists of imperialism—for he was, of course, in favor of "elevating" the Indians; indeed, that was the purpose of their enslavement—Las Casas, it might be said, set a precedent for the subsequent demagogy of anti-imperialism.

The sessions at Valladolid lasted about a month. There were fourteen judges appointed for the occasion, including leading theologians and important members of the Council of Castile and the Council of the Indies. Though Aristotle haunted the proceedings, the formal issue was posed as follows: Was it lawful for the King of Spain to war against the Indians *before* preaching the Faith to them—the aim of the war being to *make it possible* to teach the Faith? Sepúlveda spoke for three hours; Las Casas (characteristically) for five full days. The debate then adjourned and the judges returned home to study the question. They reconvened in the spring of 1551, talked it over, and then adjourned *sine die*. End of debate.

It is ironically appropriate that not only were the judges unable to reach a collective decision but the very records of the proceedings have

been lost. Both Las Casas and Sepúlveda claimed that their point of view had been sustained; and each had justification. Las Casas's books were authorized for publication; and although Sepúlveda's treatise, defending the deliberate use of war and slavery to convert the Indians, never was, things in the New World went on pretty much as before. The encomienda system was becoming ever more firmly established, and by 1550 the real issue was whether such grants of land, together with the natives inhabiting them, should be given in perpetuity with civil and criminal jurisdiction. (They were, despite the king's reluctance to create a new feudal nobility.) Aristotle, of course, had nothing to say about the encomiendas; nor did the Church Fathers; nor did Sepúlveda and Las Casas.

Yet the Valladolid debate can be said to mark the end of an epoch. In 1573, Philip II ordered that in all official documents the word "conquest" be replaced by the word "pacification." The era of earnest (if irrelevant) casuistry was over; the age of purposeful double-talk had begun.

Them As Has Still Gets

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Essays on the Welfare State, by Richard M. Titmuss. *Yale University. $3.50.*

The debate between conservatives and liberals on the subject of social security has long been less than satisfactory and so remains. The conservative reaction to any new departure is still confined to such glittering questions as whether the nation can afford it, whether it will undermine the moral fiber of the people involved, or whether it will impair the sacred doctor-patient relationship (even in those cases when no doctor can be afforded or the sacred relationship is made secular by an accumulation of unpaid bills).

But the James Reston rule, which prohibits any criticism of conservatives without a passing rebuke to liberals, requires one to concede that the liberal position leaves something to be desired. In considering unemployment compensation, old-age pensions, aid to the handicapped, or minimum-wage legislation, questions of coverage or levels of payment always attract far more attention than those of administration. Even when this is wasteful, uncompassionate, or otherwise bad, it is thought unwise to supply ammunition to those who would like to cut down on all welfare programs. And laziness also raises its omnipresent head. Most of us have always cherished a hope that we could be informed on the broad contours of welfare legislation and leave to others the myriad tiresome details such legislation invariably involves.

Those who want something much better—competent on the larger issues and admirable as to detail—should read these lectures by Professor Titmuss. There are ten in all. Three are on the National Health Service in Britain; another is on the closely related question of hospital administration and how to make it more humane and less bureaucratic and technocratic; one is on the effect of population change on pension needs and requirements; one looks into the way benefits from social legislation are distributed between various occupational and income

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groups in the community; and one is on rigidity and reform in the administration of the social services. This last was the author's inaugural lecture eight years ago when he became professor of social administration in the London School of Economics.

The three lectures on the National Health Service were given at the Yale Law School, but no one should be put off because the others are addressed to a British audience. Most of the problems discussed are common to all advanced systems of welfare legislation and administration. Since the British system is older than ours, many questions are more sharply outlined in the British experience than in ours. Also it seems to me that the British are more meticulously concerned with the quality of their welfare administration than are we. And almost certainly they have more freedom for discussion and change without having the practical issues beclouded by a lot of extraneous excursions into ideology, theology, and pure nonsense.

THE ESSAYS show the remarkable speed with which stereotypes develop in this field. These afflict both the public view of these programs and the attitudes of those who administer them. The first can be far removed from reality and the second can be sharply at variance with the needs of those who were meant to be helped.

Thus it was long believed in Britain, and urgently stressed in our medical communiqués, that the National Health Service was expensive and becoming uncontrollably so. In May, 1953, the Conservative government established a committee to inquire into the operation of the service and learn how outlays could be got back under control. To the surprise of nearly everyone, the committee found that, after five years, per capita outlays were about the same as when the service was established and that costs as a percentage of gross national product were declining.

Similarly it is taken as gospel that all social services become more generous year by year. The author finds, in fact, that British unemployment and sickness benefits are now worth

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less in purchasing power than before the Second World War and that sickness benefits were a higher percentage of the weekly wage and worth more in purchasing power when they were first established by Lloyd George in 1911 than they are today.

Likewise it is assumed that the welfare state is uniquely for the benefit of the poor—it redistributes income in favor of the latter and perhaps even to an alarming degree, considering the grievous responsibilities and burdens of the middle classes and well-to-do. But Professor Titmuss asks, not unreasonably, why unemployment compensation, old-age pensions, assistance to the handicapped, and other direct government programs should be singled out for special consideration. Shouldn't one consider the pensions, executive and humble, and also the health, maternity, disability, and even psychiatric aid that friendly or beleaguered employers, public and private, have provided for their folk? And should one not also add the tax concessions for dependents and for sickness or insurance that are accorded to the higher-income taxpayer? When these are included the well-to-do get much more in total and perhaps even as a per cent of income than do the poor. The welfare state and its associated attitudes are good for those at the bottom but far better for those further up.

CHALLENGING all of the orthodox assumptions, the author believes that the cost of British welfare schemes—of pensions in particular—now falls with inequitable weight on those who are least able to pay. He urges that some of the burden be transferred from flat-rate contributions to the progressive income tax.

He is also concerned with the large and arbitrary differences in the social-security benefits that are available to different age and occupational groups and the tendency of administrators to take this discrimination for granted. The most serious source of such differences is the pension, health, and other welfare plans that have been developed for individual occupations and industries. These also encourage a particularism with workers concerned for their own rewards and caring not at all for the position of others. They promise "to divide loyalties, to nourish privilege, and to narrow the social conscience as they have already done in the United States, in France and in Western Germany." There is further danger that these industry and occupational plans will foster a kind of industrial multiple sclerosis in which the penalty for changing jobs will be greater than that of rotting *in situ*.

THE DANGER to mobility may be exaggerated. New entrants to the labor force and those who have never become firmly attached to a particular occupation may well provide all that is required. But there is no question that individual-industry bargaining on social benefits has been very damaging to the orderly development of comprehensive programs that pay proper attention to equity and need. They have given us a hodgepodge in which the level of benefits depends partly on the power of the union, partly on the ability of the industry to pay, and partly perhaps on the welfare tradition of the particular industry. Perhaps the nearest approach to a rule is that those who need the most get the least.

It will be clear that these lectures and essays are a rich mine of information and ideas. Though he writes easily and lucidly and with a kind of unvarnished elegance, Professor Titmuss wastes no words on unnecessary explanation. He must be read with attention. But so read, he is worth the effort.

The End and the Beginning

H. STUART HUGHES

SARAJEVO: THE STORY OF A POLITICAL MURDER, by Joachim Remak. *Criterion. $5.*

1914, by James Cameron. *Rinehart. $3.95.*

The perils of writing "popular" history are enormous. There is an unrelenting pressure to be interesting: the narrative must be smooth, the language vivid, the passages of analysis or explanation artfully camouflaged. At all costs the reader's attention must not be allowed to wander: hence the telling anecdote, the touch of local color, the deft character sketch thrown in with studied casualness to stimulate the flagging intelligence of the lazy-minded.

As contrasting examples of this difficult art, Joachim Remak's *Sarajevo* and James Cameron's *1914* could scarcely be more instructive. Both deal with the outbreak of the First World War, both appeal to roughly the same audience, but one is a modest success and the other a pretentious failure.

LET US START with the flop. Mr. Cameron's book, as he frankly tells us in his foreword, is not a "war book" or a "work of scholarship" or even a "personal reminiscence." It is an "impressionist picture." As I understand it, it is an effort to represent in a series of sketches what the year 1914 meant to the average man—or at least to the average Englishman.

Thus Mr. Cameron offers us a bewildering medley of portraits, scenes, and snatches of narrative. We are shuttled back and forth from battlefield to music hall, and from Parliament to the English countryside. A number of these sketches are quite convincing—the account of the Battle of the Marne, the description of trench warfare, the pages devoted to the horrifying German naval raid on the peaceful seaside resort of Scarborough; and one could cite other examples of tight writing and clear description. But these are passages in which the author lets himself go and indulges the luxury of consecutive narrative or straight-line analysis. Most of the time, Mr. Cameron rejects such conventional practices; he remains stubbornly loyal to his method of random impressions. Unfortunately, the only tangible impression that he succeeds in conveying is one of chaos.

This may well have been his intention. Compared with an ordinary year of history, 1914 was indeed chaotic. But it is impossible to re-

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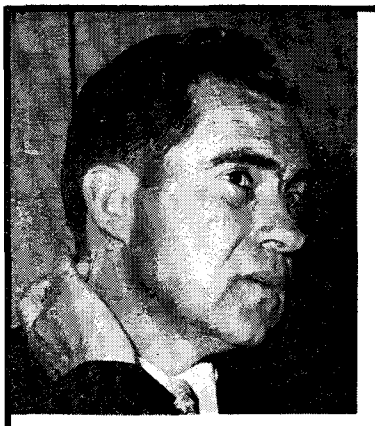
produce in literary form the actual confusion of historical events. Almost by definition, chaos is incommunicable. Or, more precisely, it is partially communicable only as reflected in the consciousness of a participant, provided, one might add, that he is an artist. Sir Winston Churchill is both; Mr. Cameron is neither.

1914 reflects no clear point of view. Among other disclaimers in his foreword the author rules out "any especial analysis or philosophy." In so doing he gives away his case at the start, forfeiting his title to being a historian and with it his justification for writing his book at all. For if one cannot be an eyewitness or participant then one must be a historian, that is, an evaluating mind—organizing, weighing, judging, concluding. Between these two positions there is no middle ground.

IN CONTRAST, Dr. Remak's book has a distinct point of view. *Sarajevo* is at least as readable as *1914*, and far more informative. Its style is straightforward and swift-moving. "The story of a political murder," as its subtitle informs us, it seeks to explain the event that precipitated the First World War, the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

Dr. Remak is a good scholar and his learning is substantial. He knows how to marshal his evidence and to build up his case with telling effect. But he is not quite frank with us; he does not tell us that in pinning the responsibility for the crime squarely on the chief of the Serbian intelligence service—and, by association and prior knowledge, on the Serbian prime minister himself—he is rendering a verdict from which a large number of competent historians would dissent.

Dr. Remak manifests the same nostalgia for the pre-1914 world that is so apparent in Mr. Cameron's book. This may be no more than a sign of the times, but in these two authors the note of mourning for vanished splendors has a certain inappropriateness. It would more befit participants, older men, than younger historians who never knew the society whose demise seems to touch them so profoundly.



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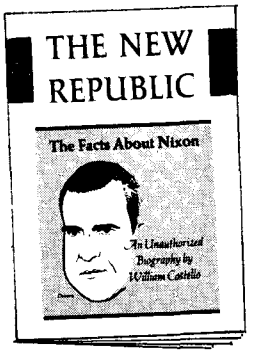

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Proust's Way

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

PROUST: THE EARLY YEARS, by George D. Painter. With Illustrations. Maps drawn by Samuel H. Bryant. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.*

American junior officers stationed in Paris during the First World War had a very good time, interrupted only by the mild demands for their attendance made by various generals and colonels who had been to West Point or sought to suggest that they had, and whose love of discipline would have held their subordinates in barracks with lights out at night and close-order drill every morning before reporting for desk work. Junior officers, however, lived where they pleased, successfully resisting any military interruption of their sentimental education.

There were, however, unofficial interruptions, not too frequent but dreaded. These were due to an erroneous idea held in the higher reaches of Paris society that the officers must be lonely. Ladies of the *haute banque protestante*—Protestants seemed to dominate private banking—ladies of the great Rothschild family, ladies bearing the names of Napoleon's marshals and battles, ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain with names out of Saint Simon, united with ladies who simply were rich—there must have been a committee—in inconclusive endeavors to present American officers with higher, more civilized delights than those available, say, in Joe Zelli's dance hall in Montmartre.

Their invitations were viewed by senior officers as command appearances—but it was their juniors whom they sent to a succession of "five o'clocks," with *petit fours,* tea or port wine, and to intimate soirees —with *petits fours,* port wine—at which a lady violinist would play Saint-Saëns ("the little phrase") or Reynaldo Hahn, Proust's friend, would sing. It would always be the ugly daughter who spoke English. In due course an American would find himself being closely interrogated by Jean Cocteau: "Are there many Indians still in New York?" or again stone-deaf Charles Maurras would be lecturing him on "the forty kings who in a thousand years made France," but once in a while, one of these great ladies would be indistinguishable from one the American remembered pouring tea in a house in Gramercy Park, in Beacon Street, in Rittenhouse Square—and thus, in spite of all, the lesson would be learnt, the foreignness would be abolished.

This was a Proustian way to enter Proust's world, in that it would be years before any of the American junior officers were to discover that Proust had made a world and that they had known some of the last lingering elements out of which it had been composed. Their own lost years were to merge with Proust's *temps perdu*; in the novel, there was

to be a Swann's way and a Guermantes way, but for the Americans, they would later recall, there had also been two ways: the Hotel Ritz with its bar on the Rue Cambon side and the long corridor lined with showcases of jewelry, perfumes, and furs that led—but did not lead the Americans—to the Place Vendôme side of the hotel where, in the glass-enclosed doorman's booth, they might, on some late evening, have seen Proust himself wrapped in overcoat and muffler awaiting his guests.

A SUPPLEMENTARY GIFT that any great writer makes us is that we can approach his work, for whatever reason, without having to worry about rehearsing, self-consciously, as if people did not know them, all the reasons for its greatness. One can be unashamedly personal about what in Proust's work happens at any given time to draw one back to it, opening—in some editions the paper is yellowing—at one page rather than at another, asking questions of one kind rather than of another. In the classics it is always, whether one bothers to conceal it or not, some personal moment of illumination long lost, some personal shame, long buried and denied, for which one seeks confirmation. Thus in Proust the little town of Combray will be for the American a village in the Highlands of the Hudson in which there was the Garrison way, with the children one admired, with whom one would have liked to have been friends, because they drove pony carts on the gravel drives that ran between fresh lawns from the elm-lined road to the great house where there would be lemonade and cakes. But there was the Nelsonville way too, where small frame houses stood side by side. For some reason that way was frightening.

The personal, if not always hateful, always sounds foolish, yet it is the only sure instrument by which we may know others. To understand Proust one must invent memories if one has none. It is this Hudson River village with the trellised roses standing above the fountain in the garden that permits an understanding of what Combray meant for Proust through all his work, through all his life, the irrecoverable Eden of innocence.

The memories of one's past are the key to Proust's memories, and, of course, one can say that all his memories are in his novel, but where did they begin? The artist distorts but what are the places, the people, the facts—all vanished—that Proust has arranged, pieced together, transposed in terms of truth? Who was Swann, who was the Duchess of Guermantes, or Charlus, or Bergotte, or Saint-Loup, or Odette? What was the topography of Illiers where Proust lived as a child? It is only when we have the answers that we can see that no link is ever broken between the real and what the artist recreates, but it is only then also that we can measure the miracle of artistic creation which bridges the distance between factual reality and truth. *Proust: The Early Years,* which has provoked these reflections, is a sober and thoughtful account of the days and events out of which Proust made his novel.

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RECORDS

At the Podium

ROLAND GELATT

LAST SEASON, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra kept the men in Carnegie Hall's box office busier than at any time since the palmy days of Arturo Toscanini. Why this should be so is well demonstrated in some new Bernstein-Philharmonic recordings, which Columbia has rushed to market in order to capitalize on the conductor's and orchestra's sudden access of popularity.

The world abounds today with conductors who can handle the orchestral mechanism with smooth, unfaltering efficiency, but those who are also able to impart a sense of genuine re-creative involvement are exceedingly rare. Leonard Bernstein has this intangible though readily recognizable quality of "connecting" vitally and passionately with the music he conducts, and it explains in large measure the extraordinary success he has enjoyed with New York's normally blasé audiences.

Bernstein's greatest failing in the past was indeed an overinvolvement

with music—to the point where his readings sometimes sounded strident and exaggerated. Today he has learned to hold his zeal carefully in check. A fine sample of his current powers is the recording of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony (Columbia ML 5348, mono; MS 6050 stereo), in which passion and poise are kept always in effective balance. The woodwind passages against string counterpoint in the second movement could not be more delicately or gracefully enunciated. And the giddy saltarello of the last movement is forthrightly impetuous without ever degenerating into a scramble.

Another recent Bernstein record couples Shostakovich's new Piano Concerto No. 2 with Ravel's Piano Concerto in G (Columbia ML 5337, mono; MS 6043, stereo). In this, Bernstein doubles as pianist and conductor—a role he handles more capably than most piano-playing conductors. Shostakovich does not seem to take an especially exalted view of the piano concerto; this one, like its predecessor composed in 1933, is distinctly lightweight. But the piece is immediately and undeniably beguiling, and Bernstein makes the most of its racy, frothy idiom. The Ravel concerto is an established Bernstein showpiece. Collectors who have been treasuring his 78-rpm recording of it made in London just after the war can be assured that the new performance is every bit as compelling and far better recorded. The brittle, jazzy *élan* of the outer movements and the sentimental, bittersweet slow movement seem to lie particularly close to Bernstein's own musical psyche. It is good to have this performance available in stereo sound.

THOUGH the Great American Symphony has yet to be written, there are a few native utterances in that form worthy of more than casual acquaintance. Aaron Copland's Symphony No. 3 certainly belongs among them. It was brought forth with much fanfare by Koussevitzky in 1946; but though sporadically revived, it has never established itself in the repertory to the extent of Copland's more "popular" works. Doubtless this is because it is a symphony. American composers are not supposed to write good symphonies (you must be born abroad to do that, preferably in Vienna), though they can usually be trusted to turn out acceptable program music and ballet scores of a folksy nature.

A new recording of the Copland Third Symphony, in which the composer leads the London Symphony (Everest SDBR 3018, stereo), persuades me afresh that this is a major and unjustifiably neglected work. Although Copland has stated that the symphony "contains no folk or popular material," it is nevertheless very close to his *Appalachian Spring* ballet in style and substance—which is

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to say that it is open and expansive music, at times quietly hymnlike, at times vigorously boisterous, and always magnificently laid out for full orchestra. The second movement—in the classical scherzo pattern—seems a kind of apotheosis of "wild West" music. It speaks as unmistakably of cowboys and open prairies as Elgar does of London pomp or Milhaud of Provençal gaiety.

The Everest label is a newcomer to the record scene. The company is backed and guided by a successful electronics engineer and manufacturer named Harry Belock, who believes in building a catalogue of substantial but seldom-recorded music instead of concentrating on familiar symphonic chestnuts. Technically, Everest's stereo recordings are among the best on the market—notable especially for their solid, unbroken spread of sound from speaker to speaker.

IN THE WHOLESALE re-recording of standard repertoire stimulated by the onset of stereo, there has been—as might be expected—a preponderance of journeyman work and a modicum of remarkable performances. Two recordings of Beethoven symphonies belong in the latter category: the Second, performed by the Royal Philharmonic under Beecham (Angel S35509), and the Third, performed by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Hermann Scherchen (Westminster WST 14045).

The Second has been a Beecham specialty-of-the-house for at least thirty years, though Beethoven in general is not one of this conductor's strongest points. Of all Beethoven's symphonies, the Second is the most songful and graceful and comes closest to the noble innocence of Schubert's early symphonies, with which Sir Thomas has also shown such striking sympathy. One of Beecham's most precious qualities is his ability to convey a sense of genial relaxation without ever allowing the flow of musical narrative to sag or stumble. In the larghetto of the Second Symphony we have an uncanny demonstration of this gift. It is unlikely that a performance of the Second more artistic in conception or finished in execution will be recorded for a long time, and this disc—in subdued but attractive stereo—can confidently be recommended for any basic collection.

Scherchen's "Eroica" is more limited in appeal and must be accounted a fascinating variant rather than a basic statement of the score. He approaches this symphony not as the progenitor of the Fifth, Seventh, and Ninth, to say nothing of the whole post-Beethoven progression of Romantic music, but as the next logical step in the sequence of symphonic development begun by Mozart and Haydn and furthered by Beethoven in his First and Second Symphonies. Scherchen has seemingly founded his reading of the "Eroica" on the historical fact that it was composed less than a decade after Haydn's "London" symphony. The performance is brisk and light-textured, with emphasis on staccato snap and contrapuntal clarity instead of on dramatic rhetoric and weighty climax. The result is an unconventional stimulating view of a thrice-familiar work. Unfortunately, the Vienna ensemble is not always equal to the fast tempos Scherchen sets, and the stereo sound is thinner than ideal.

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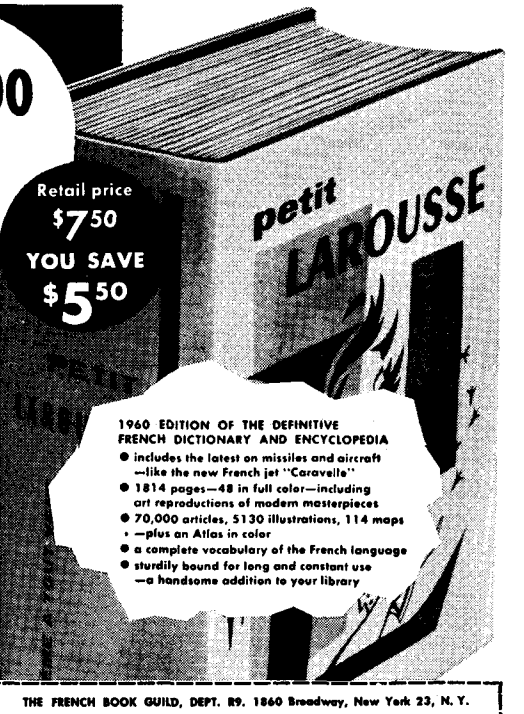
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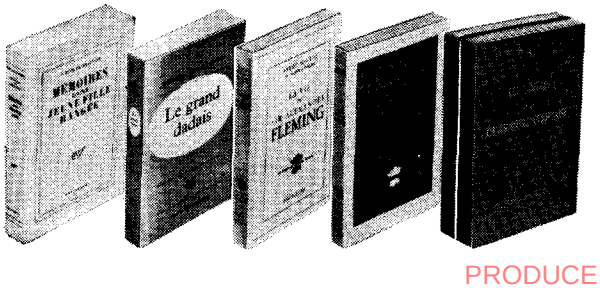

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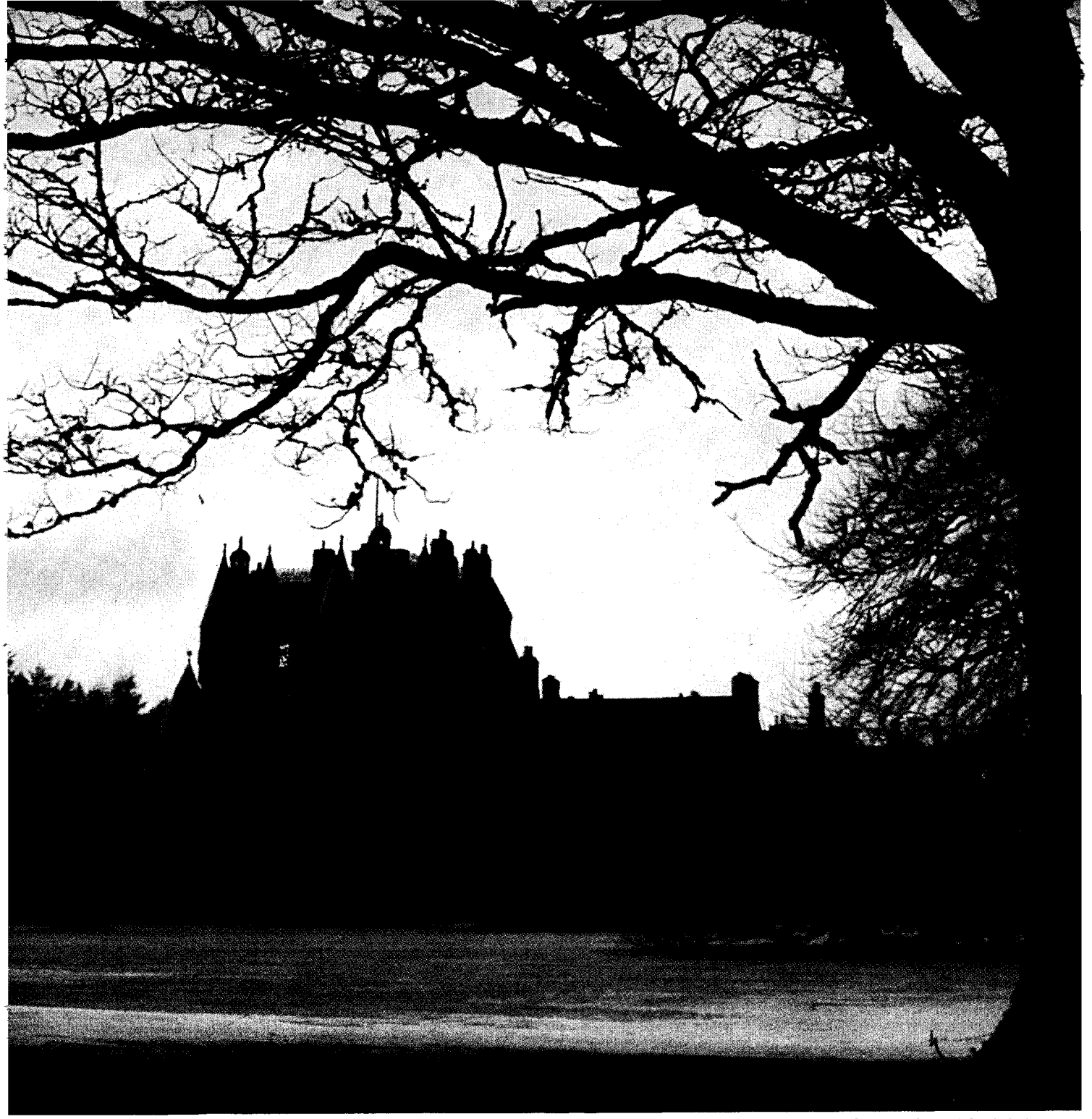

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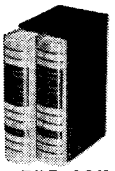

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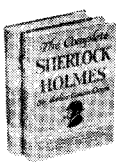

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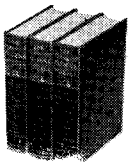

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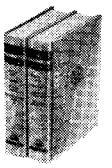

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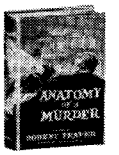

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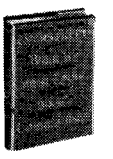

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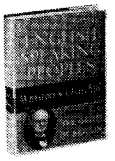

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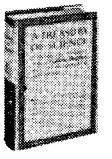

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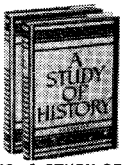

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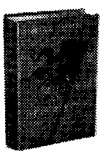

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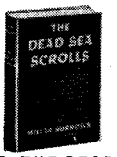

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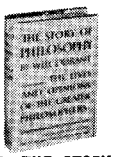

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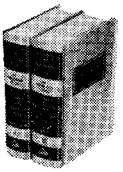

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